Beaver & Gephart

Bellefonte Republican

Established in 1869. "Let us see to it that a Government, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. Terms: $2.00 per annum

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Bellefonte Republican.

By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

THE Sunday newspaper should be abolished.

PITTSBURG expects natural gas to inflate her into a larger city than Philadelphia.

EVEN Watterson's *Courier-Journal* said a good word for Randall the other day.

"KNOW all men by there presents" that the hills will follow early in January.

A MAN named Epidemus Irving has gone mad because he failed to turn iron into gold, or zinc into silver.

THE Democratic atmosphere around New York and Washington savors strongly of jobbery and corruption.

UNDER this administration the mad-dog scare and the silver lunacy seem to be crowding each other for first place.

THE silver advocates will circulate 100,000 copies of Senator Beck's speech Better circulate the silver and give us some of it.

THE Philadelphia *Press*, of Sunday pitched into the administration and pronounced it one of the worst this country has ever known.

ONE hundred Republicans and one hundred and twenty-six Democrats voted in favor of the change of rules for the House.

SENATOR BECK, of Kentucky, has attacked the Administration. Wonder if the President will bow to every Beck and call of the Kentucky Senator.

THE *Centre Reporter* says the Bellefonte papers are cold toward each other. Oh, no, *Reporter*, we have a positive affection for all Bellefonte members of the press

BIGELOW is charged with not being a thorough Democrat, and the fact that he resigned a public office without expecting a better one is *prima facie* evidence against him.

THE army is to be used to protect the Indians of Arizona from the whites. The whites have long been calling for somebody to protect them from the Indians, but in vain.

IT IS asserted dogmatically by a Chicago physician that hydrophobia can be be cured by bathing. What is needed, however, is something that will cure in Missouri without revolutionizing things.

IF the Philadelphia *Press* would devote more space to the dissemination of news and less to the work of endeavoring to prove that prohibition in Iowa is not a success, many people would like the paper better.

TEARFUL THOMAS SHEARMAN, of Brooklyn, is denouncing the American tariff through the columns of the London *Times*. This sort of thing is calculated to switch England around to the policy of Protection.

COLLECTOR HEDDEN and Surveyor Beatte, of the New York custom house, are appointees of President Cleveland. But already they have mismanaged the affairs of that position so grossly as to occasion serious comment and criticism.

THE Atlanta *Constitution* announces seriously that Phil. Armour, the Chicago meat packer, "can count his millions on his fingers." There is nothing novel in the fact, however. There are lots of men in this town who can do the same thing and have fingers to spare.

WHEN Dakota gets into the Union—she properly belongs—it will be by Uncle Sam's taking her by the lily white hand and leading her across the water, and not by reason of any scattering attempts at bulldozing on her own part. The expanding and vociferous territory of blizzards and booms should keep these gentle truths in mind.

THE first steps towards the formation of the Pennsylvania Game and Fish Protective Association are now being taken. The movement is not intended to be confined to sportsmen, but the hearty aid of farmers and town-dwellers is desired. The objects as set forth in the application for a charter comprises not only the protection of game and fish, but the preservation of all birds that are useful.

How the Spanish Kings Died.

The death of King Alfonso, of Spain, carries a temporary interest in the deaths of monarchs. In looking over the line of Spanish kings it is discovered that very few of them have died the sort of deaths that one is apt to desire. Death is just as cruel in his treatment of a monarch, as of an ordinary individual, and, indeed, more so, if we may judge by the way he has dealt with the kings of that Nation.

Ferdinand, whose reign was marked by the union of all Spain into one kingdom, and by the discovery of America, died in 1516. He was continually suffering during the last two years of his life. The medicines he took to restore his waning vigor hurt his constitution, and he was soon ill with dropsy and heart disease. For months he was taken from one place to another in a vain hunt for health, and at last was stricken down in a small country village. Here his heir sent a messenger to seize the falling reins of government, but the dying king refused to receive this emissary, and said: "The crow has scented the dead body." Ferdinand, at first, did not believe that his end was near, but when the doctors gave him up, he showed cool courage, received the last rites of his church, signed his will, and a few hours later closed his eyes upon the world in a small house belonging to a monastery.

Charles I died in 1558. During three long weeks the Emperor suffered terribly from malignant or tertian fever, and was at times delirious or insensible.

Philip II died in 1598. During the last twenty years of his life he was more or less troubled by his hereditary gout. About two years before the end a slow fever attacked him and soon degenerated into dropsy. A mass of corruption and sores broke out all over him and for almost two months the torture endured was as horrible as that which the rack and the stake had so often inflicted upon those accused of heresy by his orders.

The succeeding kings of Spain were of less note in history, and the particulars of their deaths are not so abundant. Philip III. became a prematurely sick old man and died in 1621. His conscience made a coward of him and he exclaimed: "What an account I shall have to give to God! Oh, why did I ever reign? Ah! if it pleased the Lord to prolong my life how I should like to live otherwise than I have lived hitherto!" Philip IV. expired in 1665. His life was not exemplary, and when he felt its end approach, he took care to command that no less than one hundred thousand masses be said for the repose of his soul. Charles II. was a decrepit old man at the age of thirty-eight and died in 1700. His last five years were filled with intrigues for his succession, and his conscience was so worked upon in his last illness that he signed a will bequeathing his kingdom to the grand son of the French Louis XIV. In his last moments he showed more courage than would have been expected from so weak a monarch. Louis I. of Spain died in 1724 of small-pox after reigning only a few months during his father's abdication, and then the crown was resumed by Philip V., whose death occurred in 1746. Philip V. had long been subject to fits of melancholy; he ruined his constitution by a senseless way of living, passing all day in bed and rising at night for his meals; in time he grew so large that he could hardly move, and at last he was taken off by apoplexy. Ferdinand VI. died in 1759; after his queen's death he buried himself in his palace, would not eat or sleep for a long time, and mourned in slow agony for a whole year until his end. Charles III. lost his queen and his favorite son; to dispel his grief he took to hunting and caught an inflammatory fever which after a few days killed him in 1788. Charles IV. died in exile in 1819 at Rome, where he declared he was happier than at the Escurial. Ferdinand VII. was face to face with death during his last year, and was carried off by a sudden fit of suffocation in 1833. Joseph Bonaparte, who for a time occupied the throne of Spain, died at Florence in 1844. To consider how Spanish kings have died is to discover one more reason for the uneasiness of crowned heads.

AT a Christmas entertertainment in the Presbyterian Hospital, in Chicago, a panic was occasioned by a Christmas tree catching fire. Many persons were injured, though not fatally.

The Teachers are Here.

That interesting annual gathering—the teachers' institute—began its session Monday p m. During all the long year the people of this town look forward to it with lively anticipations of pleasure. It behooves the press to warmly welcome the teachers, because they join hands with them in the education and elevation of the people. The press reaches and makes an indelible impression upon all classes while the teachers, during most of the year, reach only the younger, but at the same time the most impressible portion of the community. But during this week, when the institute meets, the influence of the institute affects all classes, ages and conditions.

The teachers include in their ranks much of the life and intelligence of the county. The young misses and gents who devote their time to teaching are, as a rule, ambitious and are using their positions as stepping stones to something higher. That the majority of them do not enter upon the profession as a life-work is the fault of the people, not the teachers. It is one of the noblest employments of the age. But the people, in awarding it financial recompense, have placed it where they place the Gospel ministry, among the lowest. But both of these professions have attached to them a dignity from which no financial recompense, however inadequate, can detract. All things considered, we can blame no teacher for not desiring to continue long in the profession. The people say, "We can get a teacher who will suit us for such a sum, and that's all we will give." Thus the people injure themselves and their children by placing a low estimate upon those who instruct them. When they buy provisions they desire the very best, but when they seek for an instructor they are content with the poorest. If the result is only that little learning which St. Paul said was such a dangerous thing, the fault is the people's.

The teachers who are meeting here this week, being young ladies and gentlemen who are aspiring to the very highest positions, bring with them a healthful flow of new life and energy. The keen intellects, the studious, industrious habits, the flashing eyes all possess an inspiration. The neat and tasteful attire of the lady teachers, their fair faces and well bred deportment are all elevating in their tendency.

Everybody treats them with respect. We expect to gain knowledge by intercourse with them. The instructors whom they bring here may be listened to by all. We wish them a successful institute, and when they return to their duties we hope they will have a happy and prosperous new year, with their ambitions at least partially realized.

The Battlefield of Gettysburg.

The only literature which has proven impervious to time and arbitrary interpretation is that clothed in the figure of a parable. One battlefield may be the parable or figure of another; so when we go back to the strategy of Lord Nelson we find in it the simple story of individual strength. Nelson's plan of attack in most of his engagements was to fight the enemy's ships by detail. This would be putting two on one, and, hence, the parable in the individual ships as they were the figure for men fighting.

Two ships of Nelson's were ordered to attack one and the same ship, close up with, and grapnell themselves fast. The chances were that when the fleets engaging are nearly equal in the number of their ships, that for a period of time before others could come by the wind, when sailing free, that one ship of Nelson's was made equal to two; his fleet doing by detail double the work. But the ships thrown out of the action have trimmed their yards and are now bracing sharp, and, if those doubled upon can only hold out till the fresh gunners rake the enemy who has them fast, strategy will have been defeated by the wind.

Such was the ultimate meaning of Lee's strategy at Gettysburg. He met the Union Army Corps apart and doubled (put two on one) on them, as did the illustrious Nelson. There was no delay in opening the engagement. There could not be. The attack came from two directions, in the main. The two thoroughfares continuously pouring fresh troops into the battle on both flanks of the Union Army.

The strategic points are the same in figure, as set forth above, at Gettysburg, as those used by Nelson at the battle of the Nile or Trafalgar—to annihilate one half or more of the enemy before the other half can get into action. So inspired, Lee's army with Ewell and Early in the advance, came jauntily back to meet those who were beyond doubt dropping into their trap—the Union army. Now these army corps were fresh ships and there was no wind to move them. They could not overcome at once the distance between those who were overpowered and themselves, Would they move themselves? No. Something sways them. They fall back fighting. The ships are drifting, but the conquerors are such no longer. The enemy has drifted under the union guns. He is raked fore and aft and the imprisoned ships go free, as individuals.

And this great Battle, begun in defeat ends in victory. The first day "The Battlefield of Gettysburg" was lost to Gregg Post, and the committee was fifteen dollars out. Ere noon on the morning of the 26th of December '85 a shout came across the Nittany Mt. from General Wm. P. Shoop at Centre Hall, which was the glorious cry of victory. Reiterated at Lemont by Lieut. General Dr. Theo. L. Christ, the army at Bellefonte now fear no more, for help was sure and near. The victory was already won. But a little while longer and we should be heavily reinforced, one flank would be free, then the other, easily,—when it was fair play with us.

Where was our army vanquished? On the right or on the left? No matter. The captors, who, for the time victorous, had grapnelled us, were routed by the B. & L. R. R. Enemies? There are none such. We see them not and cannot fire at them. They are as air to the G. A. R. They are swallowed up (as air) in victory Comrades Holtzworth and Bartram, have made Gregg Post about twenty dollars. All bills are paid and they amounted to more then 40 dollars. We thank the friends and patrons of amusements for this. We are especially grateful to the friends of Mr. Shoop and Dr. Christ who came with them last Saturday night and turned defeat into victory.

A member of Gregg Post Entertainment Committee told me confidentially that the committee had only netted for the Post, out of five entertainments since the two weeks in Nov. ult., about about 45 dollars.

"But you have made money for others, interested?"—I asked.

"Now let me see, "he replied, contracting his brows, "how much money we have put through this town in making that forty-five dollars." He was counting when I left. But friend, enemy or patron rest assured we have done well by those we would be done by. R.

Special Correspondence.

VIRGINIA.

ITS PRODUCTIONS, INSTITUTIONS AND PEOPLE.

No 3.

We desire the reader to remember that it is Southwestern Virginia, or what the Bourbons call the "Black district," that we are principally describing. In this section sweet potatoes, all kinds of melons and all the various small fruits, figs, pears, apricots, and along the rivers peaches are easily cultivated, and are large in size, delicious to the palate and the yield prolific. It is the natural country of the strawberry, which grows to a very large size. Tobacco and cotton are no longer cultivated, and we are informed that these two crops have not been raised here for the last eighty years. These small fruits would be profitable to raise if the farmer could take them to market himself. As it is now, if the fruits are marketed, they have to be shipped to a commission merchant at Norfolk and there re-shipped by him to another commission merchant in New York or Philadelphia. After the commission merchants receive their commissions for handling and selling, and the freight charges are paid, there is but little left for the producer; consequently small fruit raising is not profitable here.

The principle timber is "old field pine"—that is, wood that has grown up on fields formerly cultivated, but failing to produce crops any longer, have been "thrown out" and let grow up. Some of this pine is sawed into boards by portable steam mills and shipped North, whilst other portions of it are cut and shipped to New York and Philadelphia for kindling wood. There is a fair sprinkling of white oak, but the best quality of it has been cut and transported East for ship timber and to Cuba in sugar "shoaks." The most of the black walnut has been sent to Europe, in the log, where it finds a good market. There is considerable white hickory, but the best quality is now being cut and shipped to France in the round log. The white poplar is fast disappearing, being cut into "paper wood" and transported to Northern seaboard cities. The dog-wood and persimmon is being manufactured into "shuttle blocks" and shipped to Liverpool, England, whilst a larger portion of it is transported to Great Britain in the log.

The wood and lumber business of this section is what has promised the "pin money" to the natives since the "Surrender" at Appomattox. These resources, like the white pine on your mountains, are becoming less every year. The growth of timber in this latitude is very rapid. Any old field left uncultivated for three or four years, a thick growth of pine will spring up on it and twenty years afterwards the pine will be large enough to cut into pine-wood. We have seen large forests growing where, we were informed, twenty years ago it was cultivated in corn, the corn hills still being visible. We examined a plantation of eleven hundred acres, in Prince George county, on which, before the rebellion, some Northern man, having more money than brains, undertook to raise blooded stock. He placed the whole plantation under cultivation stocked his stable and fields with the best blooded horses he could procure; constructed a race course around his farm and commenced business, fully believing that their were "millions in it." His grasses failed to mature and his stock took the "cattle fever" and in a short time died. He mortgaged his plantation for what he could get, returned to New Jersey with a broken heart, physicially and financially demoralized, and soon thereafter took his everlasting departure to those supposed realms where stock raising is not considered a legitimate business. His experience is a fair sample of nearly all other Northern men who labored under the philanthropic delusion that they could renovate the soil of this part of the South.

This plantation is now owned by a New Jersey man who inherited the mortgage. It is now all grown up in a forest, except forty acres around the mansion, and this Summer over one thousand cords of white poplar "paper wood" was cut on it and ten thousand cords of "first growth pine will be taken off this Winter. The old fields growing up into woodland acts severely on the soil here to what it does in the North. Here it still further *improverishes* it, there it *improves* it.

There is almost an unlimited amount of wild game in the country, such as deer, wild turkey, foxes, coons, and rabbits, squirrels, etc, whilst the river and streams are full of nearly all kinds of fishes, and their surfaces, in Winter time, are covered with ducks, geese and brant. In this respect it is the sportman's Paradise. Garden vegetables are planted in February and March and mature early. The annual drouth prevents the raising of more than one crop. The warm weather, after they are harvested, prevents them from being preserved for winter use, consequently during the winter months we pay a good round price for northern cabbage, northern potatoes, northern apples, northern beef and northern pork, northern flour and norther hay, shipped here in cars and steamboats constructed with northern capital by northern mechanics and run by northern men.

We became acquainted with a Pennsylvania gentleman who had made considerable money in the oil regions of his state. He came here fifteen years ago under that delusive impression that possesses so many northern people—that of renovating the worn out soil and the peculiar habits of the people—purchased a large plantation and undertook to show the natives how Pennsylvania farmers raise such large crops. Last Spring he placed his farm in the hands of a land agent to sell for what he could get and himself and family left for the "buckwheat" farms of Venango Co., Pa. We asked him how much money he had made by farming in Va. and his reply was: "that had made twenty-three thousand and eight hundred dollars out of pocket not counting his medical bills." His lady informed us that during her entire residence in that neighborhood neither herself or children had been invited to visit a neighbor, to prayer-meeting, church, sociable or any other gathering. She had been "severely left alone' as the southern women "have no use' for northern ladies. Of these southern habits we will speak more at length hereafter. Your Obedient Servant,

DAN SIMPLETON.

SOME of the English papers express fears that if Ireland were free England would have to support her and protect her from foreign enemies. Looking back on British history the query arises, what foreign country would attempt the conquest of Ireland?

THERE was a Presidential election in France on Monday.

GENERAL NOTES.

It is said that three crops of corn can be raised in Honduras every year.

Wooden telegraph poles in Canada are being replaced by poles of metal.

Dr. Schleimann discovers that the women of pre-historic Greece wore stays.

"I paint and talk Ruskinesque," advertises a young man in a London paper.

There is a man in New York who can open 2,500 oysters in 1 hour and 20 minutes.

The wife of the Japanese Minister is said to be the most expert needlewoman in Washington.

The inn to be built by the State of California in the Yosemite Valley is to be the "General Stoneman."

The 80-year-old author of the famous "Box and Cox" has brought out in London another play called "Going It."

A real Japanese baby, 5 months old, is the quaint dot that catches the feminine eye at the Japanese Village in London.

Los Angeles—the California realization of the Jersey ideal Vineyard—is now at the height of a brilliant Winter season.

The very tobacco pipe that Sir Walter Raleigh smoked before Queen Elizabeth, was sold at auction in London the other day.

The value of the contents of a barrel of crude petroleum ranges from 86 cents to $1, while the value of the barrel itself is $2.50.

They tell of a Chicago woman of wealth who would not buy a copy of the Apollo Belvidere because she preferred "stouter statues."

An Indian runner ran a mile race in Wyandotte, Kan., last week against two champions on roller skates and beat both with ease.

Glue is rendered waterproof by first soaking it in water until it becomes soft, and then melting it, with gentle heat, in linseed oil.

A negro, overtaken upon a railway trestle by a train, a few days ago, jumped down 50 feet into the Etworth river, and escaped unhurt.

The Italian custom of publishing one's little book *"per le nozze,"* that is, to celebrate the marriage of some friend, has spead to France.

"I sometimes think," says Ella Wheeler-Wilcox gushingly in her new novel, "that God must be a woman. He is expected to forgive so much."

Chicago now claims a population of 750,000, and thinks she will outstrip London in 1910 if the present ratio of increase is maintained.

Prairie chickens have this year appeared in abundance in the Valley of the Colorado, Western Texas, where they never have been seen hitherto.

A curious old Christmas kiss-verse ran thus:

Now, Mistress Betty, pray get up and rise
If you intend to make your Christmas pies.

A California cattle-man has a sign up to scare off the sheep-men. It reads: "We use fish salt here." Salt used on fish will kill sheep as fast as a knife.

Some of the signers of a petition for municipal suffrage for women in Boston are opposed by a remonstrance signed by their wives—a most delightful paradox, indeed.

Seven persons were baptized in a Connecticut village Monday, when the thermometer was down to 7° above. As a Boston paper puts it: "That was their way of taking pneumonia."

A novel wedding present received by an English bride walked about, with its card attached, among the guests. It was a Scotch "collie," and his collar was adorned by a sprig of Scotch heather.

It is the fashion to place gold paper hearts and dried rose-buds wrapped in magnolia leaves on the tomb of Juliet at Verona. Juliet's tears are sold in Verona, but they are confectionery, a sort of Verona brandy ball.

"It appears to me," writes Mr. Labouchere, commenting on the vice presidential succession measure before the American Congress, "that this sort of constitutional mechanism offers a premium for partisan assassination."

Sky Farm, the Berkshire, Mass., home of Dora and Elaine Goodale, the child poets, has been used of late as a boarding house. Miss Elaine is out on the plains in the interest of Indian civilization. Why the birds have ceased to sing does not appear.

A Paris paper says that a Yankee maker of sewing-machines has offered Mme. Patti $1000 for each appearance, in addition to her regular salary, if she will sit at one of his sewing-machines, instead of at the traditional spinning-wheel, while singing the "King of Thule."

When a man and his wife wish to be divorced in Burmah, each lights a candle. Then they sit down and look glum till one of the tapers burns to the socket, and then the owner of the candle that lasts the longest obtains the decree. The adaptation of this custom in Chicago might strengthen the market for fine sperm candles.

In the old time the Christmas season properly began on the 16th of December (described in the Prayer-book calendar as O Sapientia) and ended January 6, with Twelfth-night. When the learned Dr. Parr was asked what day in December it was proper to begin eating mince pie, he said: "Begin on O Sapientia, but please to say Christmas pie, not mince pie—mince pie is Puritanical."

Alva Banks, a young man who lives at Pleasantville, N. Y., has just been refreshed by a nice nap of five days and five nights. The odd case of Mr. Banks is of pathological interest, because he has slept so twice before. It is said that he suffered from inflammation of the covering of the brain while getting over that most undignified of ailments, the mumps, ten years ago, at which time he first fell into the long sleep. Ordinarily, Banks is fresh, sprightly and chipper.

Poetry.

THE VILLAGE CHOIR.

[*Some distance after Tennyson*].

Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward!
Into an awful ditch
Choir and precentor hitch,
Into a mess of pitch,
They had the Old Hundred.
Treble a to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh! the Precentor's look,
When the sopranos took,
Their own time and hook,
From the Old Hundred.

Screeched all the treebles here,
Boo-ged the tenors there,
Raising the parson's hair,
While his mind wandered;
Theirs not to reason why—
Thilps Im was pitched too high;
Theirs but to gasp and cry—
Out the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them
Bellowed and thundered.
Stormed they with shout and yell,
Not wise they sang, nor well,
Drowning the sexton's bell
While all the church wondered.

Dire the Precentor's glare,
Flash'd his pitch-fork in air,
Sounding fresh keys to bear
Out the Old Hundred
Swiftly he turned his back,
Reach'd he his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack
Himself he sundered.
Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discord behind him
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the wild howls they wrought;
Right to the end they fought!
Some tune they sang but not,
Not the Old Hundred.

Our Story Teller.

THE SECRET OF THE STRADIVARIUS.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

My friend Luigi is reckoned one of the finest violin players of the day. His wonderful skill has made him famous, and he is well known and honored for his talent in every capital in Europe.

If in these pages I call him by a name other than the one he has made famous, it is solely on account of a promise he exacted from me, in case I should ever feel tempted to make the following strange experiences, we shared together, public property. I am afraid, nevertheless, that too many will readily identify the man himself with the portrait I am obliged to draw.

Luigi—leaving his professional greatness out of the question—would have been a noticeable man in any company, a man at whom people would look and ask not only, "Who is he?" but "What has he done in the world?" knowing that men of his stamp are seldom sent upon this scene to live an ordinary every-day life. In person he was very tall, standing over six feet. His figure was graceful, some have called it slight; there was breadth of shoulder enough to tell it was the figure of a strong man. A face with a pale but clear complexion; dark deep-set eyes, with a sort of far-away expression in them; black hair, worn long, after the manner of geniuses of his kind; a high but rugged forehead; a well-shaped nose; a drooping mustache; a hand whose long and delicate fingers seemed constructed expressly for their particular mission—violin-playing.

Picture all these characteristics, and if you enjoy the acquaintance of the musical world, or even if you have been in the habit of attending concerts where stars of the first magnitude condescend to shine, I fear, in spite of my promise of concealing his name, you will too easily recognize my friend.

Luigi's manner in ordinary life was very quiet, gentlemanly, and reposed. He was, in his dreamy sort of way, highly courteous and polite to strangers. Although, when alone with me or other friends he loved, he had plenty to say for himself—and his broken English was pleasant to listen to—in general company he spoke but little. But let his left hand close round the neck of a fiddle, let his right hand grasp the bow, and one knew directly for what purpose Luigi came into the world. Then the man lived and reveled, as it were, in a life of his own making. The notes his craft drew forth were like bracing air to him; he seemed actually to respire the music, and his dreamy eyes awoke and shone with fire. He did that rare thing—rare indeed, but lacking which no performer can rise to enduring fame—threw his whole soul into his playing. His manner, his very attitude as he commenced, was a complete study.

Drawing himself up to every inch of his height, he placed the violin—nestling it, I may say—under his chin, and then taking a long breath of what appeared to be anticipatory pleasure, swept his magician's wand over the sleeping strings, and waking them with the charmed touch, wove his wonderful spell of music. The moment the horsehair came in contact with the gut, the listener knew that he was in the presence of a master.

Luigi had come to London for the season, after much negotiation and persuasion, accepted an engagement at a long series of some of the best, if cheapest and most popular concerts held in London. It was his first visit to England; he had ever disliked the country, and believed very little in the national love for good music, or in our power of appreciating it when heard. He disliked, also, the trumpeting with which the promoters of the concerts heralded his appearance. Although his fame was already great throughout the Continent, he dreaded the effect of playing to an unsympathetic audience. His fears were, however, groundless.

Whether the people liked and understood his music and style of playing or not, they at least appeared to do so; and the newspapers, one and all, unable to do things by halves, went into raptures over him. They compared him with Paganini, Ole Bull, and other by-gone masters, and their comparisons were very flattering. Altogether, Luigi was a great success.

I met him on two occasions at the houses of some friends of mine, who are in the habit of spending much time, trouble, and some money on that strange sport, lion-hunting. His concerts were held, I think, on two evenings in every week; so he had time at his disposal, and was somewhat sought after. We were introduced, and I took a liking to the quiet, gentlemanly celebrity, who, different from many others whose names are in the mouths of men, gave himself no airs, nor vaunted, by words or manner, the "aristocracy of talent."

I could make shift to converse with him fairly enough in his own soft language; so that upon my meeting him the second time, he expressed his pleasure at again encountering me. A few days afterward we met by chance in the street, and I was able to extricate him from some little difficulty, into which his imperfect knowledge of English ways had betrayed him. Then our acquaintance ripened, until it became friendship, and even at this day I reckon him among the friends I hold the dearest.

I saw a great deal of Luigi during his stay in London. We made pleasant little excursions together to such objects of interest as we wished to visit. We spent many evenings together, nights I should rather say, for the small hours had sounded when we parted, leaving the room dim with the smoke from my cigars and his cigarettes. Like many of his countrymen, he smoked simply whenever he could get a chance; and when alone with me, I believe the only cessation to his consumption of tobacco was when he took his beloved fiddle in his hand and played for his own pleasure and my delight.

He was a charming companion—indeed what man who had seen such varied life as he had, could be otherwise when drawn out by the confidence that friendship gives? I soon found that under the external calmness of the man lay a nature full of poetry, and not free from excitement. I was also much amused to find a vivid vein of superstition and belief in the supernatural running through his character; and I believe it was only my merriment on making the discovery that hindered him from expatiating upon some ghostly experiences he had himself gone through, instead of darkly hinting at what he could reveal. It was in vain I apologized for my ill-timed mirth, and with a grave face tried to tempt him. He only said: "You, like the rest of your cold-blooded, money-making race, are skeptical, my friend. I will tell you nothing. You would not believe; you would laugh at me—and ridicule is death to me."

Another thing about which he was very tenacious was showing his skill when invited out. He invariably declined to do so, seeming quite puzzled by the polite hints thrown out by some of his entertainers.

"Why can they not come and hear me in public?" he asked me. "Or can it be that they only ask me to their houses for my talents, not for my society?"

I told him I was afraid their motives were rather mixed; so he said quietly:

"Then I shall not go out again. When I do not play in public to earn my living, I play for myself alone."

He kept his resolve as well as he could—declining all of his many invitations, save those to a few houses where he knew he was valued, as he wished to be, for himself.

But when I was alone with him, when I visited him at his rooms, then he was not chary in showing his skill; and, although I blush to say so, at times I had violin-playing *ad nauseam*. A surfeit of sweets—a satiety of music. I often wonder if it has ever been any man's lot to hear such performances as I did in those days when, grown careless of the good the gods would send me, I lay at full length on Luigi's sofa; and the master of the magic bow expounded themes in a manner which would have brought the house down. Till then I little dreamed of what, in skillful hands, the instrument could do. How true genius could bid it laugh, sob, command, entreat—sink into a wail of pathetic pleading, or soar to a song of scorn and triumph? what power to express every emotion of the heart lay in those few inches of cunningly curved wood! Now I could understand why Luigi could play so much for his own enjoyment; and at times it seemed to me that his execution was even more wonderful, his expression more thrilling, when I alone formed his audience, than when a vast assembly was before him, ready, as the last impassioned notes sank into silence, to break into a storm of rapturous applause.

Luigi was a connoisseur in fiddles, and owned several pet instruments by the most renowned makers. Sometimes of an evening he would bring out his whole stock, look them carefully over, play a little on each, and point out to me the difference in the tone. Then he would wax eloquent on the peculiar charms or gifts the master's hand had bestowed on each, and was indignant that I was so obtuse as not to detect at once the exquisite gradations of the graceful curves. After a short time the names of Amati, Ruggieri, Guarnerius, Klotz, Stainer, etc., grew quite familiar to me; and as I went through the streets I would peep into the pawnbrokers' and other windows with fiddles in them, hoping to pick up a treasure for a few shillings. Two or three I did buy, but my friend laughed so heartily at my purchases that I gave up the pursuit.

He told me he had for a long while been looking for a genuine old Stradivarius, but, as yet, had not succeeded in finding the one he wanted. He had been offered many, purporting to have come originally from the great maker's hands, but probably they were all pretenders, as he was not yet suited.

One evening when I visited Luigi I found him with all his musical treasures arrayed around him. He was putting them in order, he said. I must amuse myself as best I could until he had finished. I turned idly from one case to another, wondering how any experience could determine the build of any particular violin, all of which, to my untutored eyes, appeared alike. Presently I opened one case which was closed, and drew the fiddle it held from its snug, red-lined bed. I did not remember having seen this one before, so took it in my hand to examine it—holding it, after the manner of connoisseurs, edgeways before my eyes to note the curves and shape of it. It was evidently old—my little knowledge told me that; and as, even though protected by the case, dust lay upon it, I could see it had not been used for a long, long time. Moreover, all the strings were broken. Curiously, each one was severed at exactly the same point—just below the bridge—as if some one had passed a sharp knife across, and with one movement cut all four.

Holding the ill-used instrument toward Luigi, I said:

"This one seems particularly to want your attention. Is it a valuable one?"

Luigi, who was engrossed by the delicate operation of shifting the sounding-post of one of his pet-weapons some infinitesimal part of an inch to the left or to the right, turned as I spoke, still holding his ends of string in each hand. As soon as he saw which violin I had taken up, he let fall the one he held between his knees, and, to my great surprise, said hastily:

"Put it down—put it down, my friend, I beseech you not to handle that violin."

Rather annoyed at the testy way in which my usually amiable friend spoke, I laid it down, saying:

"Is it so precious, then, that you are afraid of my clumsy hands damaging it?"

"Ah, it is not that," answered Luigi; "it is something altogether different. I did not know my man had brought that fiddle in. I never intended it should have left Italy."

"It looks like an old one. Who is it by?"

"That is a real old Stradivarius—the acme of mortal skill—the one thing human hands have made in this world perfect—perfect as a flower, perfect as the sea. A Stradivarius is the only thing that cannot be altered—cannot be improved upon."

"Why do you never use it?"

"I cannot tell you—you would not believe me. There is something about that fiddle I cannot explain. I believe it to be the finest in the world. It may be even that Manfredi played upon it to Boccherini's cello. It may be Kruger led with it when the mighty applause rang through the Karntnerthor, shaking it from floor to roof-tree, but which he, the grand deaf genius, Beethoven, could not even hear. Who can tell what hands have used it? and yet, alas! I dare not play upon it again."

Rendered very curious by Luigi's enigmatical words and excited manner, I ventured to take the violin in my hands again, and examine it with interest. I looked carefully at the belly and the back, noting the beautiful red but translucent varnish, known alone to Stradivarius, with which the latter was coated. I peeped through the *f f's*, to ascertain if any maker's name appeared inside. If one had ever been there, it was completely obliterated by a dark stain, which covered the greater portion of the inside of the back. Luigi offered no remonstrance as I took the fiddle for the second time, but sat silent, watching me with apparent interest.

And now a strange thing occurred to me—let who can explain it. After holding that fiddle for a few minutes, I felt a wish—an impulse—growing stronger and stronger each moment, till it became almost irresistible—to play upon it. It was not a musician's natural itching to try a fine old violin—indeed, I am no musician, although fond of listening to the music, and at times venturing to criticise; neither have I learned nor attempted to learn the art of performing on any instrument, from the Jewsharp to the organ. And yet, I say, as my fingers were round the neck—as soft as silk it was—of that old violin, not only did I feel a positive yearning to pass the bow across it, but somehow I was filled with the conviction, odd as it was, that all at once I was possessed of the power of bringing rare music forth. So strong, so intense was this feeling, that, heedless of the ridicule from my companion to which I should expose myself—heedless, indeed, of his presence—I cuddled the fiddle under my chin, and took up one of the several bows lying on the table. My left fingers fell instinctively into their proper position on the strings, or rather, where the strings should have been; and then I remembered the ruined state those strings were in, and, with all my newborn skill, knew that no miraculous inspiration, even if it produced a fiddler, could bring forth music from wood alone. Yet the impulse was on me stronger than ever; and, absurd as it may seem, I turned to Luigi with the request on my lips that he would restring the useless instrument.

Luigi had been watching me attentively; no doubt he had studied every motion, every vagary of mine since I again began to handle the fiddle. Seeing me turn toward him, he sprung from his seat, and before I could speak, snatched the fiddle from my hands, replacing it at once in its case; then closing the cover, he heaved a deep sigh of relief. I had no time to entreat, remonstrate, or resist; but as he took the fiddle from me, all wish to distinguish myself in a line that was not my own left me, and I almost laughed aloud at the folly and presumption of which I had been mentally guilty. Yet it was strange—very strange.

"Ah!" said Luigi, as he placed the fiddle out of sight under the table, "so you felt it also, my friend?"

"Felt what?"

"The—I don't know what to call it—the power, the sorcery of it."

"I felt—don't laugh at me—that had the strings been there, I, who never played a fiddle in my life, could have drawn exquisite music from that one. What does it mean?"

Luigi returned no answer to my inquiry, but said, as if thinking aloud:

"So it was no dream of mine. He, the cool, collected Englishman—he felt it also. He could not resist the impulse. It was no dream—no creation of my fancy. Would he see it, I wonder?"

"See what?" I asked, curious to know what his wandering sentences meant.

"I cannot tell you. You would not believe me."

"But what do you mean by the sorcery of the fiddle?"

"Did I say sorcery? Well, I know no other word that can describe it. Although I tell you I believe that fiddle is the finest in the world, I have only played upon it twice; and the second time I drew my knife across the strings, that I might never again be tempted to play upon it without due consideration."

"What is its history, then? Where did you get it?" I asked, by this time thinking my friend was suffering from some eccentricity that genius occasionally exhibits.

"It was sent me originally from London. When I found out its secret, I begged my agent in England to ascertain its history. After some trouble, he traced it to a house where, for many years, it had lain unnoticed in a garret. That house had once been a lodging-house; so doubtless the fiddle had belonged to some one who had sojourned there for a time. I could learn no more about it, save what it told me in its music."

I saw Luigi was far away from any wish to jest, so paused before I asked him the meaning of his last sentence. He anticipated me, and said:

"You wonder at my words. Did you notice nothing else strange about it?"

"Only a dark stain inside; as if wine had been spilled into it."

"Ah!" cried Luigi, excitedly, "that is it! that is the secret—the meaning of the power it holds. If it were not for the varnish that fiddle would be stained outside and inside. That stain is from a man's heart's blood, and that fiddle can tell how and why he died."

"I do not understand you."

"I do not expect you to—or believe me—why should you? What have you, an unimaginative Anglo-Saxon, to do with marvels? How, in the center of a great, cruel, material city, with the ceaseless sound of traffic outside our windows, should you expect anything supernatural? It may be I only dreamed it. Perhaps you would not see it. And yet, one night when I feel strong enough, we will take the fiddle from its case, and I will play it to you—I who until to-night, have not laid a finger on it for five years. And then, if its music moves you as it moves me, I dreamed no dream. If not, I will say it was a dream, and I may at last be able to use this master-piece of Stradivarius."

I begged him to name an early day for the curious performance, but he would make no promise; so we parted for the night.

A month passed by; Luigi's London engagement terminated, and he was going to win fresh laurels at Berlin. I had seen him two or three times every week, but he had never referred to the conversation which had taken place upon the night when I drew the strange violin from its case; nor had he offered to redeem his promise made on that occasion. I had ceased to think about it, or indeed only remembered it as a jest, laughing at the idea of a superstitious man not being able to play on any particular fiddle. Two days before he left England he wrote me asking me to dine with him that night, adding, "I think I may keep my promise of playing upon the Stradivarius."

We dined at a well-known restaurant, and about ten o'clock went to Luigi's rooms to finish the night. The first thing I saw, upon entering, was the fiddle-case lying on the table—Luigi's favorite bow and several coils of string beside it. We sat down and talked on various topics for about an hour, and then I said:

"I see you have made preparations for the performance. When do you intend to begin?"

Luigi drew a deep breath. "My friend," he said, "you will not blame me if my playing agitates you; and remember, when I once begin I must continue to the end. It is no pleasure to me—it is rather deadly pain. But I am curious, and would satisfy my doubts."

He was so much in earnest that I checked the laugh his solemn manner called up, and merely nodded acquiescence. He then rose, and, saying, "We must not be interrupted," called his servant, and, after giving him the necessary instructions, locked the door, placing the key in his pocket. He then opened the mysterious case, and, with tender hands, drew forth the violin. His nimble fingers soon detached the several strings, knotted on the new ones, and in the course of about a quarter of an hour the instrument was ready, and tuned to his satisfaction. I felt, as I watched him, I should like to take the violin in my hands once more, to see if the strange desire I had before experienced would again come over me—but I hardly liked to ask him to permit me to do so.

And now all was ready—Luigi's critical ear satisfied with the sound of the strings—and he seemed about to strike his favorite attitude. Yet I noticed his pale face was paler than usual, and the hand poising the bow seemed tremulous; and as I looked at him, a sympathetic feeling of fear—a dread of something, I knew not what—crept over me. It seemed too absurd, however, to be disturbed by an excitable Italian playing a violin in a room with all the appliances of modern, everyday life around me; so I laughed away the feeling; placed myself at full length on the sofa—my favorite attitude for listening to the master's performances—and was prepared to give my undivided attention to the music.

And yet, for a while Luigi did not begin, although he saw I had resigned myself to my fate. He had placed the violin under his chin; his left-hand fingers were on the strings, but for some minutes he contented himself with beating a sort of time, or rhythmical measure, with the bow. One would have said he was endeavoring to recall something he had heard once, and only imperfectly remembered.

"What theme are you going to play to me?" I asked.

On hearing my voice he looked at me vacantly, and only upon my repeating the question did he seem aware of my presence. Then with an effort he said, ceasing not to beat time the while:

"Ah, that I do not know. I am no longer my own master; I cannot choose. Let me beg of you not to interrupt me again, my friend."

I said no more, but watched him with anxious eyes. The left-hand fingers slipped, slid, and danced in dumb show up and down the strings, the bow forever beating time. A sort of shiver passed over him; then, drawing himself up, he swept the bow across the strings, and the fiddle, silent for so many years, found tongue at last.

A weird strain, commanding the listener's attention at once—a strain I knew I had never heard before. So curious the opening bars sounded, that, had I dared, I should have said that several well-established rules of harmony were outraged. And yet, in spite of its peculiarity, I knew that he who created that music was a master in the art. It was not Wagner, I was sure, although somewhat of his remarkable power of expression, and gift of moving the mind without the aid of melody, was present. The first thirty bars, or so, appeared to me to be of the nature of an overture, heralding the performance to follow. In snatches of mystic music the violin spoke of joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, love and hate, hope and fear; and as my own thoughts responded to the varied emotions, I lay and wondered who could have written the music which affected me so; and thought how fortunate the unknown composer was to have such an exponent of his ideas as Luigi. Yet, as I looked at the latter, it struck me his style of playing to-night was different from usual. Faultless though the execution was—marvelous as were the strains those facile fingers drew forth—the whole manner of the man seemed to be mechanical, utterly at variance with the fire and dash that ever characterized his performances. The skill was there, but, for once, the soul was wanting. With the exception of his hands and arms, he stood so still that he might have been a statue. He played as one in a trance, and his eyes with a fixed look were ever directed toward the end of the apartment. Swifter and swifter his arm flew backward and forward—more strange, eccentric, and weird the music became—stronger in its expression, plainer in its eloquence, more thrilling in its intensity, and ever exercising its powerful spell on the hearer. At last, with a sort of impulse, I turned my eyes from the player and looked in the direction in which he looked. Suddenly the music changed. There was now no lack of melody. A soft, soothing, haunting measure began—a sort of dreamy, far-away tune; and as its gentle cadences fell on my ear, hitherto kept in a state of irritating, if not unpleasing, expectation, my thoughts began to wander to old half-forgotten scenes—distant events came to my mind—recollections of vanished faces, once familiar, flocked around me—all things seemed growing misty and indistinct, and I felt as one sinking into sleep—the sort of sleep that one can almost realize and enjoy.

It was not to be, however. A few harsh notes from the fiddle, sounding like a warning or admonition, recalled me to wakefulness; and as my straying thoughts collected themselves, that lulling song began again.

And yet, if fully awake and conscious, where was I? The scene was entirely changed; and although I knew I was still lying where I had at first placed myself—although I could hear within a few feet of me the unceasing melody of Luigi's violin—I was now looking into a strange apartment, even as one looks into the representation of a room on the stage; and I knew I was dreaming no dream. It could be none; for as I gazed, I felt a feeling of utter astonishment—and that feeling is always absent from a dream, however marvelous its features may be. Yet, lying there, and in as full possession of my faculties as I am at the moment of writing these words, I saw, opened as it were before me, a strange room, and one I could in no way connect with any chamber which I was in the habit of entering. It appeared to be a large, lofty apartment; and if I was looking at a vision, neither the room nor its belongings presented any appearance of unreality. The latter, indeed, gave the idea of wealth and comfort. The furniture was after the fashion of the early part of this century. The chairs were covered with costly old brocade; and a short, square pianoforte—then the highest triumph of the maker's art—stood open against one wall. And as, with the sound of the violin ever near me, I noted these things and waited for what was to come, I knew—although I did not attempt it—that I was utterly powerless to turn my eyes from the phantom scene before me, even to ascertain whether it could be that Luigi saw the things I saw.

Another change in the wonder-working music. A long rippling *legato* passage, sweeping into a tender, passionate, pleading strain—the eloquent notes speaking of joy and fear mingled. As my heart followed and understood the inspiration of the musician, I whispered to myself, "This is love." As if in answer to my thoughts, the door of the phantom room opened, and two figures entered—a lady and a gentleman.

Both wore the dresses of that period to which I have assigned the date of the furniture, and both were young. Like the objects around them, there was nothing in their appearance ghostlike or supernatural. Their limbs looked as firm and round as my own. It was some little time before I could take my eyes from the girl. She was supremely beautiful—tall and fair, with a delicate, refined face; and the robe she wore plainly showed the exquisite proportions of her figure. Her companion was handsome, but his features wore an expression of melancholy pride. I noticed he carried under his left arm a violin, and something told me he was a Frenchman. With great courtesy he led the girl to a seat, and, as if in obedience to a request of hers, commenced playing the instrument. Still the same sweet strain fell on my ears; but a stranger thing than any I had yet noticed was that, as he played, the sound seemed to come from his violin, and Luigi's was dumb. And as he played, the girl looked up at him with admiring eyes. He ceased at last, and Luigi's fiddle immediately resumed the melody, without a moment's break. Then I saw the phantom place the violin and bow in the girl's hands, instructing her how to hold them; and I knew that, during the lesson, his voice as well as his eyes made avowal of his passionate love. I saw his fingers linger on hers as he placed them on the strings; I saw the blush deepen upon her cheek, the lashes droop over her downcast eyes, and then I saw him lean over and press his lips to the fair white hand which held the bow; while the music near me, sinking almost to silence, and tremulous as if a man's future lay on those vibrating strings, told me he sought his fate at her lips. He threw himself at her feet, and I saw the girl bend over him, and placing her arms around his neck, kiss his forehead, while high and loud rose the song of sweet triumph from those impassioned chords, doubtful of her love no longer.

Again the strain changed—a song of love no longer; a few notes of warning, melting into a strain that foretold and spoke of sorrow. Again I saw the door of the apartment open, and, with a hasty step, another man entered. He, too, was young and powerfully built, with an intensely English face. Yet I could trace in his harder features a resemblance, such as a brother might bear, to the girl before me.

[Concluded next week.]

Hindoo Women.

A recent issue of the *Times*, of India, contains a very remarkable letter, which the editor vouches for as genuine and unprompted. The writer, a Hindoo lady, discusses the question of the social status of Hindoo women, and gives a most pathetic description of their miserable position. The wicked practice of early marriage has, she declares, destroyed the happiness of her life. She adds:

"Without the least fault of mine I am doomed to seclusion. Every aspiration to rise above my ignorant sisters is looked upon with suspicion and interrupted in the most uncharitable manner. Our lawgivers, being men, have painted themselves pure and noble, and laid every conceivable sin and impurity at our door. If they are to be trusted, we are a set of unclean animals, created for their special service, and they, by right divine, can maltreat us at will. The treatment which servants receive from European masters is far better than that which falls to the share of us Hindoo women. We are treated worse than beasts. We are regarded as playthings. The loss of mental and physical freedom which a girl experiences the moment she steps into her husband's house cannot be realized by Englishmen. She must not sit or speak in the presence of her father-in-law or mother-in-law, or any elder member of their family; she must get up early, go to bed late, and work with the servants."

So the writer proceeds through a long catalogue of miseries. She has no direct knowledge of the infinitely worse lot of a Hindoo widow, but she knows enough of its evil to dread widowhood, even as a change from her present unhappy position. She ends with a powerful appeal to the leaders of the Hindoo community. Her words may be commended to certain native reformers who devote so much time and energy to political discussion. She says:

"If you succeed in bringing about a salutary reform in the position of Hindoo women, then the spread of education, the development of arts and sciences, the production of an able-bodied, strong-minded race of women—in fact, the mental and material prosperity of India—will follow as a matter of course, and India will revert to her once proud position among the nations."—*London Times.*

He Was Posted on Calves.

He was viewing the pictures at the exposition last night. He evidently came to Chicago to attend the state fair, and was prolonging his visit to see the city. He was middle-aged. Although he resembled a city man in the cut and fit of his clothes, the shape of his hat, and the trim of his beard, yet there was no mistaking his identity. There was that air about him of keen interest in his surroundings that marked him as provincial. He did not come to town to wonder at and admire all he saw, but with the determination to criticise.

He paused before a painting of three rugged calves. "Umph!" he soliloquized to himself, "Look like they'd run out in the stocks all winter, an' had a hard time."

Just then two fashionably dressed ladies, bearing open catalogues, stopped in front of him and gazed at the painting through quizzing-glasses. "How life-like!" both murmured, sweetly.

"Life-like!" exclaimed the critical countryman. "Why ladies, beg pardon, but I don't think the man that made that picture ever saw a calf."

The ladies turned their heads, surveyed him with a well-bred stare, smiled knowingly at each other, and again turned to the picture.

Thinking his judgment was doubted, the rustic continued, pointing his finger over the ladies' heads: "Now, see, ladies, them calves are yearlin's an' not sucklin's, as I reckon you think, an' not one of them has a sign of a horn. Now, that ain't right. Leastways, it ain't right unless the painter meant to make polled Angus calves, an' he's missed it a thunderin' long ways, for them calves are grade cattle, an' darned scrubby ones at that."

By this time, the ladies were staring at each other with open eyes and quivering mouths, on the eve of laughter. They were about to move away when the countryman, feeling that his criticism had not been convincing, drew closer to the ladies, and said, in a confidential tone: "Now, sayin' nothing about the calves havin' no horns, just look sharp at that calf on the left. See his head? It's pium eighteen inches from the eye to the end of the nose, and has veins in it as big as your finger. That ain't a calf's head, ladies, that's a runnin' hoss's head."

The ladies walked quickly away with their handkerchiefs pressed closely to their mouths. The critic laughed quietly to himself and took a chew of tobacco.—*Chicago News.*

Cleaning Costly Fabrics.

A careless waiter, or an accident, at the dinner table may cause the apparent ruin of laces, silks or velvets worth large sums of money. If the lady tries to clean them herself, she makes matters worse, and makes it impossible for the professional cleaners to do anything with them afterward. These cleaners have peculiar methods in renovating these delicate fabrics, and many of them they will not reveal, as they are secrets of their trade.

"The treatment of fine laces," said a cleaner, "is an expensive and troublesome process. A thick blanket of soft rags is sewed around the bottle, and on this the lace is pinned. It is quite impossible to rub lace, as it would tear it to pieces. The bottle is then placed in a bath of soapy warm water. After soaking for twenty minutes it is boiled for some time and then allowed to cool. It is dipped in several baths of clear water, until the soap seems to be removed. The lace is then removed from the bottle, and after part of the water is driven out by gentle pressure it is hung up to dry.

"After a time it is laid on a soft cloth to dry still more. When still slightly damp it is placed on a hair cushion covered with flannel, and is fastened there with lace pins. This is a work of skill and patience. A pin is passed through each loop and a twist is given before the pin is fastened. Sometimes the loop is drawn straight and sometimes not, the operator seeking to follow the original design of the lace. When quite dry the lace is sponged with a weak solution of gum arabic, and, when dry again, it is almost as good as new.

"The method of cleansing velvet is a secret. It can be greatly freshened by steaming it over boiling water, care being taken to expose the wrong side of the velvet to the steam; but this is useful only where the damage is not very great. I can tell you only that the process is a dry one and chalk is used in it. Velvet that has been wet is hard to treat, but we have been able to do wonders with it.

"It is a very common thing for actresses to bring elaborate silk and satin costumes to be renewed, and we also have many fine ball dresses. We do not take them apart, but cleanse them as they are. They are first dipped in a bath of naphtha, and this removes ink, champagne and many other stains. Then they go into a bath of pure benzine, which takes out all the grease. They are softly rubbed in these baths, and any spots remaining are treated with oxalic acid. They are rinsed out in warm water and dried over steam coils. To iron them would harden the silk and make it shiny, so it is run over steam rolls or ironed between flannels. We have ironers whose business is to iron dresses, and when they are finished a dress looks like new. Mildew is removed by oxalic acid."

Five bits of Robert Lee's lead cut round holes through the hide of "The Drummer boy of the Potomac," Dennis Sullivan, of the Irish Brigade. Mr. Sullivan, now in Washington, says that he was but one week more than ten years old when he enlisted, and he claims, therefore, to be considered as among the youngest of the Union soldiers.

Medical, Etc.

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Attorney-at-Law,
Bellefonte, Pa. Office on Allegheny street, first door south of Lyon's new store. 5 17-1y

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Water.

The following question has been propounded and set forth by a well known citizen, in the DAILY NEWS of this place, viz:

Who Can Explain This?

It is said that if two vessels of equal capacity and of similar shape be placed one on the ground and the other at an elevation of thirty feet in the air, during a shower, the former will be found to contain nearly one-third more water than the latter. Try it, and if this is so please explain the cause.
SUBSCRIBER.

The gentleman does not realize what he asks. Does he not appreciate the interminable depths of Nature's secrecy, that to reach a summit but puts before the explorer a broader and grander scene.

In this instance one might learn with Newton that the colors of the rainbow, seven in all, are distributed to the sight by the passage of the white ray of light through

A DROP OF WATER;

and then not known all about this mysterious little globule. Yet this water drop is inevitably the question now, the smallest of which being in the form of mist or fog. Of these it is said by Maille, a savant of Paris, it would require 200,000,000 to make a drop of rain 1-10 of an inch in diameter.

Having arrived at this diminution in the size of the water drop in fog, which can be seen with the eye alone, how infinitesimally small must be the molecule of water contained in dry air.

To demonstrate that water vapor is always contained in air we have but to observe the water drops gathering upon a vessel, containing ice, the water coming from the outside air by effect of relative temperature. This is simply condensation. Air is saturated with moisture when it contains as much of the vapor of water as it is capable of holding up at a given temperature. This degree of humidity may be determined by an instrument called a Hygrometer, of which there are a variety. All chemical substances having an affinity for water, are naturally and chemically hygrometers.

EXPERIMENT.

"A tube of glass is filled with chloride of calcium for example and passing a known volume of air through it the increase in weight of the tube after the experiment indicates the weight of moisture present in the air."

The deepest knowledge therefore which we can attain to as to the origination of water is the fact that we always find it in a transition state between temperatures or substances. It is substantially an action, or, as the distinguished Huxley would say, *a mode of motion*, which indeed is true of all matter, as claimed by Tyndall and others—that it is motion.

Water must pass—in order to be water—from one thermometrical status to another, or from one base to another in *hygroscopic* substances. We conclude, therefore, that water is an electrical phenomenon as presented by the differential humidity of two bodies induced to touch. Humidity, therefore, may be said to be only the capability of the body, which we shall now call *air*, to produce water. Thus we come to the

EVOLUTION OF WATER.

Water being a current has its source in the air vacuum, which gives space to the phenomenon from one interior of the molecule to another till the atmosphere becomes saturated with the effect, the infinitude of motion going on. Now it stands to reason that this effect is diminished as we perceive the space above us, for the reason, meteorologically, well known, that air, *the source of water*, is rarer towards the zenith. *Less air, less water.* The gain of water volume is substantially

GRAVITY.

Now, water must come out of the air, so that when the monads are far apart the water courses are long between. Hence the lightning or electric source of rain gathering, which connects apparently the points of motion of the current. When the air is dense the molecules close up together and the air is all saturated in a generous and copious humidity, and all the air grows moist in sympathy and is transformed to water drops by the endless wandering of the current to each individual monad of air round which it expends its infinite long thin all directions till a molecule of air is made a globule of water, and seeks its level at earth's surface. Since air supplies the current by relative temperature in touching surfaces, it is evident that the *water* in the initial gravity leaves the *air* and being unsupported between chemical bodies, molecularly regarded, falls to the level of water, gaining as it draws from the air by its ethereal contact with greater humidity more weight more volume.

Water like the mortal falls to his level, and being the communion or transition between two bodies is supported by neither till a stronger base is found, from which in the baptism of the light he rises again. Water has with Divine Wisdom, been made the

SYMBOL OF CHRISTIAN BAPTISM.

and while we cannot know all of water, there is some satisfaction in knowing that the symbol of baptism, is truly the type of transition between chemical bodies.

Trusting that the inquisitor may be satisfied when he has reached the Ligh
Very truly, &c., R.

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It is the great Blood Purifier and Life-giving Principle; a Gentle Purgative and Tonic; a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the power of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to.

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No person can take the BITTERS according to directions and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

Bilious, Remittent, Intermittent and Malarial Fevers, are prevalent throughout the United States, particularly in the valleys of our great rivers and their vast tributaries during the Summer and Autumn, especially during seasons of unusual heat and dryness.

These Fevers are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these organs, is absolutely necessary.

There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as it will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus forearmed.

It Invigorates the Stomach and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, cleansing the blood of all impurities, imparting life and vigor to the frame, and carrying off without the aid of Calomel, or other minerals, all poisonous matter from the system.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Pneumonia, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are at once relieved by VINEGAR BITTERS.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, the Bitters have no equal. In these, as in all constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS has shown its great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Painting and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to Paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take occasional doses of VINEGAR BITTERS.

Skin Diseases, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Swellings, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like VINEGAR BITTERS.

Fevers, Scarlet Fever, Mumps, Whooping Cough, and all children's diseases may be made less severe by keeping the system gently open with mild doses of the Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or the turn of life, this Bitters has no equal.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood when its impurities burst through the skin in Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when, and the health of the system will follow.

In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle is a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

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REGULAR ADVERTISING RATES.—Ten cents a line, each insertion.

Special Notices, Twenty cents a line each insertion.

Annual and Six Months' Contract at Special Rates

A Good Man Gone.

TYRONE, December 29.—Among the unusually large thinning out from the ranks of the ministry it becomes our sad and melancholy duty to record the death of Rev. Cambridge Graham, of the Methodist Episcopal church, who passed peacefully into the land of rest on last Monday evening at 8.20 o'clock, aged 69 years and 9 days. The subject of this notice was born December 19, 1816, in the vicinity of Bellefonte, from which place he removed to Karthaus when in the eighth year of his age. He was the son of pious and devoted parents, who by both precept and example impressed upon his mind the duty of an early consecration to the service of God. Their labors were rewarded in seeing him converted at an early age at a camp-meeting held in that neighborhood under the supervision of the Rev. Elisha Butler (now in the promised land). It was there he united himself with the mother who had given him spiritual birth. Always faithful, energetic and full of zeal for the Master's cause, his brethren thought he was fitted for a higher calling in the vineyard of the Lord. He was accorded license to exhort on November 7, 1840. In this capacity his usefulness became more and more manifest, and his labors were crowned with success.

On June 10, 1842, he secured license to preach and on November 14, 1857 was admitted to deacons orders in the annual conference by Bishop L. L. Hamline, and on March 11, 1849, was ordained to the office of elder by the laying on of hands by Bishop Morris. He filled the following fields of labor with success and satisfaction to his parishioners: Karthaus, Bloomingdale, Lewistown, Shirleysburg, Trough Creek, East Bedford, Frostburg, Allegheny, Concord, Carlisle, New Bloomfield, Woodbury, Cassville, Tuscarora, Duncannon, Mount Holly, Newville, Rehoboth, Stockton and Beaver Meadow. Some of the above he was appointed to a second time.

The funeral will take place from his late residence to-morrow (Thursday) morning at 10 o'clock. A large number of ministers will be present to take part in the exercises.

Mr. Curtin M. Graham, brother of the deceased, died at Frostburg, Md., only about four weeks ago.

A Wretched State of Affairs.

HUNTINGDON, December 28.—The assault of Mr. D. E. McMurtrie on Andrew J. Wighaman at the former's residence in this place on Saturday afternoon last wherein Wighaman was badly used up, was the natural outgrowth of a serious and long-continued provocation. In a statement justifying his act made to your correspondent this evening, Mr. McMurtrie candidly recited the domestic torture he has undergone uncomplainingly for the past seven years. Soon after his marriage his wife became hopelessly addicted to strong drink, which gradually led her into grosser channels of moral degradation. Invariably during his absence from home, at his wife's solicitation, men and women of low repute would frequent his house, hold all-night carousals and plunder it at their leisure. These and other similar trials he has withstood for seven long years, simply that his children might be spared the harrowing disgrace of exposure by a family separation.

In assaulting Wighaman on Saturday Mr. McMurtrie was clearly justifiable in his efforts to protect and maintain his family honor, and in this he has the undivided sympathy and support of the whole community. He has wisely assumed control of his two eldest children and has notified his undutiful wife to leave to-morrow.

War Almost Unavoidable.

LONDON, December 28.—Reports have been received here from reliable sources both in St. Petersburg and Vienna to the effect that at both these capitals the feeling is growing that a war between Russia and Austria over the Balkin dispute is almost unavoidable. Active war preparations by both countries have been going on ever since the outbreak of hostilities between Servia and Bulgaria, and the Russian and Austrian forces are being actively and secretly armed in the anticipation of war. Much color is given to these reports by the heavy orders for stores and munitions of war placed by the agents of the Russian and Austrian Governments in this city.

Friendly Scuffle Ends in a Tragedy.

JOPLIN, Mo., December 27.—During a friendly scuffle Christmas morning at Newton mines, Newton county, between Daniel Thompson and Oscar Morrison, brothers-in-law, Morrison's father, thinking they were fighting and that his son was getting the worst of it, ran to the scene and struck Thompson a terrible blow on the head with a rock, knocking him senseless, from which wound he died yesterday morning.

The Late Archbishop Eulogized.

DUBLIN, December 28.—In all the Protestant churches of this city yesterday the clergymen delivered eulogies on the late Primate of Ireland, the most Rev. Marcus Gervais Beresford, D. D., Archbishop of Armagh, who died Saturday, aged 84 years. In addition to the formal eulogies there were universal expressions of sorrow by both clergy and laity.

A Sub-Treasurer Pro Tem.

WASHINGTON, December 28.—It is probable that United States Treasurer Jordan will be designated by Secretary Manning to act as sub treasurer at New York City until Congress reassembles, when a new appointment will be made.

Fatal Lamp Explosion.

PITTSBURG, December 27.—Mrs Barbara Meyers and her 2 year old child, died to-day from injuries received last night by the explosion of a lamp, which the little one, who was playing about the room, accidentally upset. Almost instantly there was an explosion, which scattered the burning fluid over the woman, the flames enveloping mother and child. In her excitement Mrs. Meyers jumped from the second story window and, beside being terribly burned, received injuries which resulted in her death this morning. The baby, who was burned almost to a crisp, died during the night, and both were buried this afternoon.

Gladstone Celebrates His Birthday.

HAWARDEN, December 29.—To-day is the 76th anniversary of the birth of the Right Hon. William E. Gladstone. During the morning he was the recipient of four hundred letters congratulating him on having attained his 76th year. Mr. Gladstone left his residence at day break and walked to the village church where special services were held. Notwithstanding that sleet and snow were falling the walk did not seem to fatigue Mr. Gladstone, as he appeared quite hearty when returning home after the service.

Serious Railway Casualty.

NEW YORK, December 27.—About 6 o'clock this morning the express train which left Boston last night on the New York and New Haven railroad, was thrown from the track by an obstruction at a point about sixteen miles from this city. The engine and mail car rolled down the bank. The fireman was killed and the engineer slightly injured. The passengers, none of whom were hurt, were transferred to another train and brought here after a delay of about one hour.

A Prominent Citizen Dead.

Special to the Tribune.

CLEARFIELD, Dec. 29.—Thomas J. McCullough, of this place, one of the oldest members of the Clearfield county bar and a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity, died at Philipsburg at 3 o'clock yesterday morning, aged 56 years. He leaves a wife and five children to mourn their bereavement. His remains were brought to his residence here last evening and will be interred to-morrow at 2 o'clock p. m.

Arrested for a Long-Ago Murder.

SEDALIA, Mo., December 27.—James Sigmand, a brother of one of the most prominent citizens of this (Aupetis) county, was brought to the city and turned over to the sheriff of Rock Castle county, Ky., last night, to which place he will be taken to answer for murder committed twenty-five years ago. The prisoner was arrested at his home in Grundav county, where he has resided for ten years. After committing the murder her entered the union army.

Sad End of a Soldier.

DAYTON, O., December 27.—John N. Baker, of the Soldier's home, and late of the Third Iowa artillery, was found dead in a saloon in the western part of the city to-day. When he came to the city he had about $200 in his possession. But fifty cents was found on his person. The neighborhood is full of low dives, and it is supposed he was first robbed and then dosed with poisoned whisky.

Burned to Death.

RENOVO, Pa, December 27.—Barney Cummings, aged sixty years, was found lying in the streets of Driftwood early yesterday morning, with both legs burned to a crisp. Although conscious when found, he was unable to tell how the accident occurred. He had been drunk on Christmas day, and it is supposed that his clothes were fired by a spark from his pipe. He will not recover.

Grevy Re-elected President.

PARIS, December 28.—M. Francois Jules P. Grevy was re-elected President of the French Republic to-day in the joint vote of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies acting as a National Assembly. The balloting was carried on amid great excitement. Only five members of the Right cast ballots. M Grevy's total majority was 135.

Toys Go Up in Smoke.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Dec. 25.—Fire last night in Bastian's toy and fancy goods store, on Pine street, caused a loss of $12 000 on which there is an insurance of $9 000. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin.

Drovers Killed by Thieving Indians.

DUNCAN, Arizona, Dec. 25.—A report has reached here that a party of Indians while engaged in stealing a drove of horses, killed three men who had charge of them, near Steeple Rock.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

Sunday Sermons.

Rev. Robinson's sermon in the Episcopal church on Sunday morning was on the text in St. John 13:34, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye love one another." In the evening the sermon was based on Genesis 29:20, "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had for her."

Rev. Chas. T. Steck, on Sunday morning, preached from 1 Timothy 2:5 and 6.

For there is one God, and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.

Who gave Himself a ransom for all to be testified in due time.

In the evening his sermon was a very fine one from Luke 2d chap., 14th verse, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Mr. James L. Sommerville conducted the Y. M. C. A. meeting at 4 o'clock p. m.

—Mr. Frank Grice, the manager of Geo. E. Lewis' grocery, remembered the DAILY NEWS reporter on Christmas morning with a present of a handsome basket, its contents composed of bananas, oranges, figs, white grapes and choice confectionery. Mr. Grice knows how to do things in good style.

Dry Goods.

Look at This

—AND—

BENEFIT THEREBY.

For reasons not necessary to state, we are compelled to reduce our Winter Stock. We have an immense stock of all kinds of Goods to close. Look at this list which is only a small portion of the Bargains which we have in all kinds of Goods.

White Blankets	$1 00 per pair
Gray Blankets	1 00 per pair
Lancaster Ginghams	7½c. per yd
Other Ginghams	4½c. per yd
Best Prints	4 and 4½c. per yd
Heavy Gray Flannel	15 cts.
Brocade Dress Goods	5 cts.
Double width Cashmere	14 cts.
Black Ottoman Cloth, nearly 1¼ wide	35 cts.
Part Wool Dress Plaids	7 cts.
Best Muslin	6 cts.
All Linen Table Linen	20 cts.
Plaid Flannels	11 and 12½ cts.
All Wool Dress Cloths, 1½ yds. wide	60 cts.
All Wool Black Cashmere	87½ cts.
All Wool Red Flannels	15 cts. up
All Wool Factory Flannel	28 cts.
White Flannels	15 and 18 cts. up
Winter Shawls	60 cts. up
All Wool regular made Hose, Ladies	23 cts.
Ladies' Button Shoes	$1 10
Ladies' Good Lace Shoes	80 cts. up
Ladies' Fine Kid Top Shoes	1 40
Ladies' French Kid Shoes	$2 00 and 2 25
Children's Shoes	70 cts. up
Men's Calf Skin Boots	1 50
Men's Fine Boots	2 00 and 2 50
Men's Heavy Kip Boots	1 75, 2 00 and 2 50
Horse Blankets	60 cts.
Child's Suit	1 50
Child's Suit	1 75 and 2 00
Child's Suit	2 25
Men's Suit	3 50, 4 00 and 4 50
Men's All Wool Diagonal Suits	8 50 up
Men's All Wool Corkscrew Suits	8 50 up
Men's Overcoats	2 50
Men's Dress Overcoats	3 50, 4 00 and 4 50
Men's Dress Overcoats	4 75, 5 00 and 6 00
Boys and Youths' Suits	2 50 up
Boys' Boots	75, 1 00 and 1 25
Men's Shoes	90, 1 00 and 1 25
Men's Dress Shoes	1 25 and 1 50
Ladies' Long Black Diagonal Coats	3 00 and 3 50
Ladies' Long Fine Fur Trimmed	6 00 up
Ladies' Long Fine Astrachan Trimmed Coats	5 50 up
Ladies' Russian Circular	at 3 00 and 3 50 up
Men's Underwear	40 cts. a suit up
Men's Red All Wool Underwear	$1 00 a suit up

A large line of Ladies', Misses and Children's Coats at unheard of prices.

Plenty of Bargains in all kinds of goods and no space to mention. same.

Come and See for Yourselves.

LYON & CO.,

Bellefonte, Pa. dec1 ly

Why not Manufacture Cars?

If we were worth $200,000 we don't believe we would hesitate a minute to buy the car works property in this place and start either the manufacture of cars or some other equally profitable and important industry. The work of building cars has been tried in Bellefonte and we have never heard that it proved a failure. The gentleman who formerly conducted the manufactory was successful in securing plenty of orders and kept from 150 to 200 men continually employed. He was aged and infirm and could not give his individual attention to it. Then he had many other interests to divide his attention. It was for these reasons that he made several attempts to dispose of the property to other parties at something like its real value and at length let it go at a price representing not more than one-third its actual worth. But still the large buildings remain vacant. When they might be operated at a capacity of two or three cars each day, they have been standing for several years without yielding profit to anyone and without the cheerful sound of industry issuing from within their substantial brick walls. This is a reflection upon the energy and ability of the youthful capitalists of Bellefonte. If an aged, antiquated person could operate them without loss, why cannot a young, energetic man find millions in them. The manufacture of cars is an industry which, we take it, does not depend so much as many others on the advantage of superior shipping facilities. The iron, the wood, the nails, the rolling mill work and the skilled mechanic are here at our very doors. What more is required? Only to solicit orders, and these should not be difficult to obtain with the advantages that can be offered.

Howard Items.

Christmas made its annual visit and in company with it was Capt. Santa Clause, who made the little folks happy.

The Howard Cornet Band, one of the best in the county, will give its annual entertainment in Lucas' Hall on the evening of Jan. 1st, 1886.

Mr. Blair Hopkins has taken unto himself a help meet for life in the person of the accomplished Miss Blanch Askey, daughter of Nelson Askey, Esq.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin, of Woodstock, Va., are visiting the Misses Montgomery, of this place. Mrs. Martin was formerly Miss Maggie Hughes. Mr. Martin is the editor and publisher of a Woodstock *Journal*. They are on their wedding tour.

Messrs. Geo. Wister Hiram T. Lucas and Col. D. S. Dunham, visited the upper graded borough school, taught by Prof. Wolmesdorf, one day last week. Instruction in this school is imparted on the new method, which the visitors pronounce a decided improvement over the old one.

Hon. John A. Woodward is not only an agricultural writer of note, but a model farmer and gardener. His garden produces the choicest of small fruits and vegetables and their yield is simply prolific. He cultivated a new kind of celery this season, which for beauty, crispness and flavor is hard to surpass. If Bald Eagle valley had a few more such farmers land would soon advance in price.

—The concerts held in the Baptist church in Milesburg on Friday and Saturday evenings, were remarkably successful, both artistically and financially. The class had been practicing for three weeks under the instruction of Prof. N. N. Hubler, of Harrisburg, a gentleman who has had extensive experience in such affairs and is everywhere successful. He was ably assisted by Mr. George M. Noll and by Mr. Lyman T. Eddy. A very large proportion of the class of thirty-five were from the other churches of the place, and the congregation of the Baptist church, in whose house of worship they were given, is under great obligations to those who took part so willingly and efficiently. The choruses were well rendered and the entire programme of both concerts gave perfect satisfaction. The large attendance of the public shows that they are glad to encourage such efforts to entertain and to do good at the same time, and those who were benefited authorize us to thank the community in their behalf. Prof. N. N. Hubler has fully established his reputation in that locality as a musical conductor and a strong influence will be brought to bear to induce him to exert himself in similar enterprises in behalf of some of the other churches.

—On Sunday the Methodist Sunday-school elected to serve during the ensuing year. The officers of last year were re-elected. They are: Superintendent, S. Durbin Gray, Esq.; assistant superintendent, James Stott; secretary, Jas. I McClure; treasurer, W. I. Fleming; librarian, D. M. Leib; assistant librarian, Edward Swartz; chorister, C. E. Shaffer; organists, Miss Nellie Kline and Miss Joe Shrom.

—Whether business as a rule was good this holiday season or not, one dealer reports the largest sales of confectionery he ever experienced. He disposed of more than 500 pounds of confectionery during Christmas and the day previous, besides selling large supplies of cakes, nuts and toys. This tradesman always keeps his advertisement in the DAILY NEWS, and makes it pay.

THE most remarkable proposition anent the Parliamentary situation in Great Britain is the suggestion of the London *Times*, that "the Irish difficulty could be solved in three months by the exclusion of the Parnellites from the House of Commons and the proclamation of martial law in Ireland." Assuredly the "Thunderer" does not represent English opinion in this matter. The English people are too thoughtful and fair minded for that, no matter what position the aristocracy takes. They will see at once that Parnellites were elected constitutionally by constitutional means, and they will not permit the British Constitution, which has been their great pride, to be upset simply because Mr. Parnell has a following so large that it must be taken into account by the two established English parties in framing legislation. The Irish voters were called upon to send people of their choice to Westminister. To proclaim martial law because they have sent 86 Home Rulers out of a total of 117 members, would be to strike down free representation at once. The singular anomaly is now presented of Parnell and his party being the real constitutionalists while the Tories are the "kickers" against that sacred instrument and former object of their veneration.

—The concluding lecture and entertainment of the series given under the auspices of Gregg Post, G. A. R., was held on Saturday evening and was a grand success. The Post evidently struck the popular fancy in these excellent illustrated talks by Sergeant Holtzworth on the memorable battlefield of Gettysburg. Among the new views which he presented on Saturday evening was one which proves with unerring certainty the exact locality where those blankets were stolen from our heroic friend, Mr. William Jones. Among the audience were one hundred and twenty persons who came over the Lemont railroad for the special purpose of attending the entertainment. As the attendance of these persons added measurably to the receipts as well as to the general good feeling that prevailed, Gregg Post is very grateful to them.

EMPEROR WILHELM will not have a celebration of his ascending the throne twenty-five years ago, on January 2, because that is the anniversary of the death of his brother and predecessor. But on the 3d?—well, at such a distance and in such a cause, one day assuages an imperial weight of grief.

—A rotund gentleman of middle height entered Institute on Tuesday afternoon, and stood near one of the rear entrances. His complexion was quite rosy and he seemed perfectly contented with himself. At first the gentleman was taken for Rev. H. W. Beecher, but after a more careful examination he was discovered to be Commissioner Griest. The resemblance is perfect.

—We learn of the death on Wednesday, December 23, of Mrs. William McBath, of College township. She was quite an elderly lady and suffered a long time with cancer of the throat and was not able to swallow any food for three weeks previous to her death. All nourishment was taken through a tube inserted in her throat. Her husband and several sons and daughters survive her.

—We never realized how tall Mr. W. I. Fleming is until we saw that high silk hat perched on top of his head on Christmas. He and the hat together are quite an imposing spectacle. We did intend to write something about Secretary Shaffer's tall hat, but Fleming's monopolized our attention.

—The DAILY NEWS gives all the news. In relating the facts it does not question whether the person alluded to is a patron of the paper or not, or whether he is a Republican or a Democrat. The interest of the facts to the readers of the paper is the only consideration.

—The many friends of the Rev. Chas. T. Steck, on Tuesday, presented to him $150 as a testimony to his high worth and abilities and also because of the numerous services which they have called upon him to perform, and which he always performs so willingly.

—The eight prisoners in the jail had a splendid Christmas dinner. The Sheriff provided a few extras, to which the generous ladies of the town contributed various delicacies, making it one of the most tempting Christmas feasts of the day.

—All kinds of excellent cake and the very best tea will be served to the young men who will favor the Y. M. C. A. with their presence on the occasion of the reception on New Year's eve. Please remember that it is free and all young men are welcome.

—The members of the Presbyterian congregation at Unionville kindly remembered the subscriber by sending him, on Christmas eve., a box well filled with the necessaries of life.

WILLIAM PRIDEAUX.

—George Meek and George Bush took a voyage in an ice boat the other day in Spring creek. They got along swimmingly as long as they didn't fall in.

A Newsy Letter from Unionville.

UNIONVILLE, Dec 25.

The Spring weather we have had for the last few days has enabled the masons and stone haulers to go on successfully with their work at Rev. Laning's new house.

Owen Underwood and a couple of Dicks Run hunters succeeded a few days ago in bringing down a large bear on the mountain near the old Lucas Improvement. So those who want some bear steak can call up this way.

Tuesday evening, the 22d, was quite an eventful time here. About dark a great light was seen in the direction of Julian and many citizens rushed on to Main street to view the situation and pass their opinion as to where the fire was. Mr. Henry Hoover soon mounted his steed and hied away in the direction of the light. Soon to learn that it was a tenant house on his farm, two miles up the valley which had caught fire from the stove pipe. Nearly all of the goods of the tenant, Mr. James Steer, were burned. The excitement of the fire had no more than died away when the good ladies of the town, to the number of about fifty, met at the house of Miss Susanah Sedgwick, each loaded with a gift of provisions or clothing for the lady of the house, whom they deemed a very worthy object of their charity.

Mrs. E. W. Cleaver has opened an evening Grammar school which affords a better opportunity for those wishing to get a good understanding of that branch than they can have in the public school, where many branches are taught and but a short time devoted to each one.

A family of eight or ten Turks came into town on Wednesday with four performing bears. They brought the town, school and all, into the streets in double-quick time. One woman carried a baby in a carpet bag on her back, and another in a bag on a horse, with their camp equippage, and the whole party had a decidedly foreign appearance.

Christmas morning has come and brought with it pleasures which are being reflected from many faces. Chicken and turkey pens will be depopulated and feasts set before king and queens, while thousands are praying for a crumb of bread to relieve their raving hunger.

C.

—We hear of the death of Mr. James Flick, a young man about 21 years of age living near Unionville. He caught cold several weeks ago and has suffered greatly since that time. He was a very excellent young man.

—Miss Gertie Solt, one of Zion's most lovely young ladies, is attending the teacher's institute this week.

—One hundred and sixty-one teachers were enrolled yesterday in Institute.

SPECIAL MENTION.

—We were favored with a call on Wednesday from Messrs Frank Rider and Henry Beistline, of Gatesburg. They departed for there homes on the 10:20 a. m. train.

Fall and winter WOOLENS just received. LEAVE YOUR ORDER NOW AND SAVE MONEY. MONTGOMERY & Co., Tailors

—The Christmas decorations in the Episcopal church, this year, are handsome. The gem of it all is a star made of spruce and suspended in the centre of the entrance to the chancel. At its five points and also at the five places where the cross-pieces intersect are electric lights, which render the star brilliant and attractive when lighted at night.

A young man in Independence, Mo., is in a peculiar strait. He wants to marry a girl, but can't get a license, and as she is an orphan of 17 and has no guardian—a nonentity, in short, in the eyes of the law.

In consequence of our early departure from Bellefonte, our books will be closed January 1st, 1883, and our terms will be strictly spot cash. All accounts not settled on or before January 15th, will be handed to our attorney for collection.

GOLDSMITH BROTHERS,
d30—d2t—1tw. Bee Hive Store.

A section of the sky five degrees square, which has just been photographed in Paris, shows 3,000 stars on a ten-inch square plate. According to this test, when a man treads on a banana skin and the sidewalk flies up and strikes him on the head, he sees a section of the sky not less than 500 degrees square.

Miscellaneous.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y. 17 17 1y

Lines from Loveville.

LOVEVILLE, Dec. 26, 1885.

Mr. Sebring has been to Jersey Shore this week.

The W. C. T. U. will hold a public meeting on the evening of January 5, in the Centre Line M. E. church. We understand that Dr. Tobin, from Stormstown, will lecture on that occasion, for the temperance cause.

Professor Lewis, who is teaching music in this vicinity, started for his home in Philadelphia on Friday morning We hope to see this excellent gentleman again soon.

The Sunday school convention, which was held at Centre Line, we are glad to say, was a grand success, and everyone left at the close greatly benefited. Notwithstanding the roads were in a bad condition the house was well filled. After a few remarks by Rev. Crittenden Rev. C. T. Steck preached a short sermon from the words, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if you do them." It was regretted by all that he stopped so suddenly before he had exhausted his subject, the time allotted him having expired. His remarks were brief, but were the finest delivered in this section for a long time. The evening session was equally interesting. The first hour was scholars hour, conducted by Rev. Crittenden, after which Rev. J. Zeigler gave a talk on the evil effect of alcohol. Then when Rev. Steck was called for, it was to the delight of all that he gave a twenty minutes talk. Both old and young gave their entire attention. After closing, Rev. Steck was highly complimented, both for the fine appearance he made on the floor, and for the simple and direct manner of expressing himself.

The proceedings of the Loveville Literary Society, which was held on Christmas evening, are deserving of note. All the parents of the members connected with the society showed their goodwill by coming. There were many dialogues, selections, recitations, etc. Mr. G. L. Ebbs recited a piece entitled "The Madman," for which he deserves much credit. The music was of all kinds. Among the audience was Mr. Thomas Rook, who complimented the Society on their good work.

The Gatesburg school locked their teacher out on Thursday, the 24th. He didn't try the door the second time, but boarded the first train going West.

There was a wedding event in Gatesburg, on Wednesday morning, the 23d. Mr. William Ellenbarger was married to Miss Emma Rider. The ceremony occurred at the home of the bride's father, Jacob K. Rider, Rev. Felton, pastor of the Lutheran church of that place, officiated. Rev. Whitney, of Stormstown, was also present. The others were a select company, consisting of the friends of both families, numbering in all about 80 persons When all things were ready for the ceremony, Miss Mollie Beck took her seat at the instrument to play a march as they entered the room. The service was solemn and impressive, and the appearance and demeanor of both bride and groom were graceful and pleasing. The usual congratulations followed the ceremony, after which refreshments were served. The presents were numerous and valuable. They have postponed their wedding trip for the present. They have our wishes for their success and happiness.

CLAY.

Surprise Party.

On the evening of Dec. 28th, quite a large delegation of the best friends of Mrs. Mary Griffeth assembled at her home at Boiling Springs, laden with choice eatables, and many useful presents. The occasion was that of the anniversary of this good lady's 71st, birthday, and the bombardment in this manner of her usually peaceful domicile was a total, and joyful surprise. The early part of the evening passed swiftly by in pleasing conversation, jokes, story telling, &c. In the mean time, busy hands had been employed in the dining room and at about ten o'clock the entire company were invited out to partake of as tempting a repast, as ever was set before a king. It is needless to say that all did justice to the delicacies before them. As Mrs. G. was a strict Murphy nothing stronger than tea, coffee and milk was offered, and nobody looked at all alarmed when Sam Brooks asked for the eighth glass of milk, as the supply seemed as inexhaustible as all the other provisions, and Sam's capacity seemed equal to the occasion. Later in the evening the company was delightfully entertained by Miss Mary Waddle, of Lock Haven, who was present and favored them with a number of humorous recitations. The good nights were spoken almost regretfully, as the evening was such a delightful one, and all will remember it for years to come. It was almost feared that one of the party would have to remain all night as he experienced so much difficulty in finding his head gear.

X.

—The infant child of T. R. Hamilton died on Tuesday and was buried on Wednesday. We sympathise with the parents in their bereavement.

The Death of James Flick.

MR. EDITOR: If you have not already been apprised of the illness, death and burial of James Flick, Jr., it might be well to make mention of it now. James was the second son of the farmer living between Milesburg and Unionville, who supplies Bellefonte to a large extent with wood for fuel. About the time Mr. Moody held his meetings in this county, the young man had his hair clipped and contracted a cold which settled in his head and afterward affected his lungs, causing typhoid-pneumonia, which resulted in his death on the 21st of this month, and on the 23d his remains were interred in Central Messiah's Church cemetery, Rev. M. L. Jackson officiating The family deeply feel the loss thus inflicted upon them, as James was their main support for work, being industrious and kind to his parents. He was a professed Christian and maintained by faith his hold on Christ till death. The sorrowing family and friends have the heartfelt sympathy of all who know them.

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Lincoln as a Congressman.

Elihu B. Washburne, our late Minister to France, in an article entitled "Abraham Lincoln in Illinois," published in the *North American Review* for October, thus speaks of the martyred President at the period of his election to Congress:

Mr. Lincoln took his seat in Congress on the first Monday in December, 1847. . . . He sat in the old hall of the House of Representatives, and for the long session was so unfortunate as to draw one of the most undesirable seats in the hall. He participated but little in the active business of the House, and made the personal acquaintance of but few members. He was attentive and conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and followed the course of legislation closely. When he took his seat in the House, the campaign of 1848 for President was just opening.

I was again in Washington part of the Winter of 1849 (after the election of Gen. Taylor), and saw much of Mr. Lincoln. A small number of mutual friends—including Mr. Lincoln—made up a party to attend the inauguration ball together. It was by far the most brilliant inauguration ball ever given. Of course, Mr. Lincoln had never seen anything of this kind before. One of the most modest and unpretending persons present, he could not have dreamed that like honors were to come to him almost within a little more than a decade. He was greatly interested in all that was to be seen, and we did not take our departure until three or four o'clock in the morning. When we went to the cloak and hat room, Mr. Lincoln had no trouble in finding his short cloak, which little more than covered his shoulders, but after a long search was unable to find his hat. After an hour he gave up all ideas of finding it. Taking his cloak on his arm he walked out into Judiciary Square, deliberately adjusting it on his shoulders, and started off bareheaded for his lodgings. It would be hard to forget the sight of that tall and slim man, with his short cloak thrown over his shoulders, without any hat on, starting for his long walk home on Capital Hill at 4 o'clock in the morning. And this incident is akin to one related to me by the librarian of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Lincoln came to the library one day for the purpose of procuring some law books which he wanted to take to his room for examination. Getting together all the books he wanted, he placed them in a pile on a table. Taking a large bandana handkerchief from his pocket, he tied them up; and putting a stick which he had brought with him through a knot he had made in the handkerchief, adjusting the package of books to his stick, he shouldered it, and marched off from the library to his room. In a few days he returned the books in the same way.

The Anthropological congress which is soon to be held at Rome will have a curious feature in a collection of 700 skulls of criminals, numbered and classified. To these will be added the photographs of 3,000 and the brains of more than 150 convicts, thousands of autographs, poems, sketches, and special instruments, the work of criminals.

Medical.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Works through the blood, regulating, toning and invigorating all the functions of the body.

Ringworm Humor and Salt-Rheum.

RAYNHAM, MASS., Aug. 12, 1878.

C. I. HOOD & Co.: Gentlemen— * * * I have had ringworm humor and salt-rheum so badly that my body was covered with raw sores; so, also, my head and face. I have had any number of doctors in the last seven years, and none of them could cure me. One day my mother was in the city of Taunton, and found one of your cook books, and in reading it I found many people testifying to cures from the use of your Sarsaparilla and Olive Ointment. I felt forced to try it, although I had seen many things advertised that never did me any good. I have now taken two small bottles and one large one of Sarsaparilla, and used three boxes of Ointment. I now call myself cured. Nothing can be seen of the humor but the dim outlines of the sores. I shall take two more bottles, and then the cure will be complete.

I am gratefully yours,
EDGAR F. WHITMAN.

Biliousness, Sick Headache.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & Co.: Gents—Please send me by express two bottles HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA and a few Cook Books for distribution. Your preparation has worked wonders in the case of my wife, who has been troubled with sick headache and biliousness for years. She only took one-half teaspoonful at a dose, and has not been so well for five years as now. She found that within a week after taking it she felt very much better, and is now entirely free from those severe headaches. She has not taken any of any account since last spring, and what little she had is lent to do some others some good, and we must have it in the house.

Yours truly,
HOMER B. NASH.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Is sold by all druggists. Price $1, or six large bottles for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

☞ Use HOOD'S TOOTH-POWDER.

17 42ly

H. K. Hicks & Bro., Hardware and Stoves.

FOR THE HOLIDAY TRADE

WE OFFER A

FINE LINE OF GOODS.

Buy something for Presents that will be useful in the Hardware Line, so that your friends will remember you every day until the following Christmas.

OUR IMMENSE STOCK IS TOO LARGE TO ENUMERATE BUT WE WILL GIVE YOU A FEW POINTERS.

WE HAVE A LARGE AND COMPLETE STOCK OF

LAMPS

Both Hanging and Standing. Three different makes of ELECTRIC LAMPS, and we call your special attention to the

NEW BURNER

we have that can be attached to any ordinary hanging or stand lamp so that you are not compelled to buy a new lamp in order to have the best light in the world. It is **60 CANDLE POWER**, 7 times the power of an ordinary burner. It gives a beautiful and white light. There is such a demand for this burner that the manufacturers are away behind their orders We have an order in that will take its turn. Those desiring one or more of these burners are requested to leave their order with us. We have them on exhibition, and when the goods come they will also come in turn as their names appear upon our list. All of our first invoice is now in use.

A FULL LINE OF

CUTLERY, SILVER-PLATED WARE, PEN AND POCKET KNIVES, CHILDREN'S SETS, TOY BANKS WITH COMBINATION LOCKS, SLEDS, WAGONS, SKATES, SLEIGH BELLS, BIG STOCK ROBES AND BLANKETS, A FINE LINE OF HARNESS, GUNS, REVOLVERS, and we might say a

Thousand Other Articles

which would make very appropriate presents.

ALL PARLOR STOVES AT COST FOR THE BALANCE OF THE SEASON, AND COOK STOVES AND RANGES VERY LOW.

We have ZINC BINDING FOR OILCLOTHS to protect the edges from wearing out. Cut to lengths, ready punched, with corner pieces.

OUR MOTTO IS: SMALL PROFITS, QUICK SALES, AND FOR THE CASH.

H. K. HICKS & BRO.,

DEALERS IN

Hardware of Every Description.

Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, December 30, 1885.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 85
Mixed Wheat	80
Buckwheat	40
Rye per bushel	50
Corn (shelled)	50
Oats	35
Clover seed, fair to good	4 25
do prime to extra prime	4 75
do choice	5 25
Flour, retail, per barrel	5 20
Flour, wholesale	4 25

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay, choice timothy, per ton	$20 00
Hay, mixed, per ton	16 00
Long rye straw, bundled, per ton	10 00
Short straw per ton	6 00@8 00

Provision Market.

Corrected by Valentines Store Co., "Limited."

Apples, dried, per pound	8
Cherries dried, per pound, seeded	12
Dried currants, per lb	10
New raisins, per lb	12½
Beans per quart	8
Fresh butter per pound	20
Chickens per piece	25
Cheese per pound	18
Country hams per pound	13
Hams, sugar cured	13
Shoulders	10
Breast fast Bacon	12
Country Bacon	10
Lard per pound	10
Eggs per doz	30
Potatoes, per bushel	40
Dried beef	20
Canned Beef per pound	25
Country side, per lb	8
Canned tomatoes per can	10—12½—15
Canned corn "	10—12½—15
Lemons per doz	30
Dried sweet corn per bushel	10
Apple butter, per gal	40
Turnips, per bushel	25
Cranberries, per quart	10
Buckwheat flour, per ½ sack	80
Celery flour, per sack	1 25

Miscellaneous.

FOR THE FINEST MILLINERY
—GO TO—
THE MISSES AMMERMAN
ON BISHOP STREET,

A HANDSOME AND CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK OF RIBBONS, VELVETS, BIRDS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS AND ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES.

BONNETS AND HATS TRIMMED IN THE MOST FASHIONABLE STYLE AND AT REASONABLE RATES.

We will not be undersold by any parties in Bellefonte or Centre county.

n24 5wd&w

Percheron HORSES.

Island Home Stock Farm
Grosse Isle, Mich.

All stock selected from the get of sires and dams of established reputation and registered in the French and American Stud Books. We have a very large number of imported and grade stallions and brood mares on hand. Prices reasonable. Correspondence solicited. Send for large illustrated catalogue, free by mail. Address SAVAGE & FARNUM, Detroit, Mich.

Miscellaneous.

1886—New York Herald—1886

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Is a special feature of the WEEKLY HERALD, and is epigrammatic, choice and interesting.

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Prepared by De Grimm and other artists.

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It contains all the general news of the daily edition of the HERALD, which has the largest circulation in the United States.

Independent in politics, it is the most valuable chronicle of political news in the world, impartially giving the occurrences and opinions of all parties, so that all sides may be known.

The Farm.

The Farm Department of the WEEKLY HERALD is practical. It goes to the point and does not give wild theories. The farmer will save many more than one dollar a year from the suggestions of the Farm Department alone, concerning soil, cattle, crops, trees, buildings, gardening, poultry, and agricultural economy.

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Includes the preparation of new and palatable dishes, furnishing, deportment, decoration, &c; also the fashions at home and abroad. The latest inventions in sanitary and social science, special literary compositions, poetry, and a

Serial Novel.

Select Sermons each week by eminent clergymen, and general church intelligence. In addition are given latest reports of trade and

Stock and Produce Markets,

The condition of money, wit and humor, sporting news, the doings of well known persons, a department devoted to the dramatic and lyric stage. The WEEKLY HERALD is a great journal for the family.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Address NEW YORK HERALD, Broadway and Ann Street, New York City.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that James S. Ross has made application to the Secretary of Internal Affairs for one hundred and fifty (150) acres of improved land in the township of Half Moon, Centre county, Pa., bounded on the east by survey in the warrantee name of Samuel Bryon, on the south by Samuel Bryon and James Cross' improvements, on the west by George Fisher, on the north by Henry Stevens and Miller's heirs and James and Henry Lytle

Vol. 17—No. 51—3t. JAMES S. CROSS.

Groceries and Provisions

NEW GOODS

FOR THE

Holiday Trade!

Fresh arrivals every day from this time until the First of January.

FINE FLORIDA ORANGES.
BRIGHT NEW LEMONS.
CHOICE WHITE GRAPES.
NEW CROP FRENCH PRUNES.
FIGS, DATES AND PRUNELLES.
FINEST CLUSTER RAISINS.
PRESERVED CITRON.
LEMON PEEL.
CURRANTS and BAKING RAISINS.
EVAPORATED PEACHES & PEARS
ALMONDS and ASSORTED NUTS.
AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE LINE OF PURE CONFECTIONERY AT CITY PRICES.
CLEAR CANDY TOYS.
MOLASSES CANDY (or TAFFY) MADE BY OURSELVES. ALWAYS FRESH.
CALIFORNIA FRUITS, Canned and Evaporated.
PURE HONEY in pint and quart jars.
NEW BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, roller process.
CRANBERRIES, Sound and Firm.
PLAIN & FANCY CRACKERS.
FINEST FULL CREAM CHEESE.
PURE SUGAR TABLE SYRUPS.
A FULL LINE OF NEW CANNED GOODS.
PURE WHITE ROCK CANDY in half gallon and one gallon cans.
PURE MAPLE SYRUP in quart and half gallon cans.
FINE, FRAGRANT TEAS.
PURE SPICES. You can depend on our ground pepper for butchering purposes. It is strictly pure.
FRESH SHELL OYSTERS opened to order.

ALL OUR STOCK IS NEW AND FRESH.

CALL ON US FOR ANYTHING YOU WANT IN OUR LINE.

SECHLER & CO.,

GROCERS,

Bush House Block, Bellefonte, Pa

Frank P. Blair.

Zero weather has set in; are you prepared for it by having your bunkers full of coal and your radiators in good order? These preparations are absolutely necessary and are seldom put off until the last minute, Christmas is just approaching; the season for giving and receiving presents will soon be here. Although preparations in this line are not as strictly necessary as providing against the exigencies of the weather, yet it will be a cold day on the 25th inst. and for many succeeding ones for he who fails entirely to comply with that law of custom, whose origin is of the most remote antiquity. Yet comparatively few people have got the exactly right idea of present making. What would be very appropriate in one case would be entirely out of place in another, although a great deal of foresightedness was shown by a gentleman in this vicinity during a period of some years. He concieved the idea of, whenever an occasion rendered a gift acceptable, procuring for a certain party a piece of silver, no difference how great or small—it was a piece of solid fine silver. The consequence was that when a partnership was formed, which was done in a quiet way, they had almost everything they required in silver, and all due to that long head of his. Also an uncle, who on any birthday; Christmas or any other occasion, commencing with her birth, gave his niece a piece of solid silver, and today her collection will compare favorably with any in the community.

Didn't you say last year that if you had thought of it in time you would have got your father a gold-headed cane or a pair of spectacles? These are articles that last a life-time and never have to be got the second time, which should be something of a consideration. These can be purchased for a very low figure, much less than the prices you usually associate with them. Opera glasses are considered just the thing, and very few ladies like to acknowledge that they have none, for they are an article one never buys for themselves and his oversight is very embarrassing to explain. But when all is said what takes the place of a rich, tasty ring, or a plain one, for special purposes? They make a gift that will bring light to the dullest eye and gladness to heart bowed down by doubt and neglect. It will point the despairing maiden to the beacon light, the day named in the near future, when solid trouble will begin.

Frank P. Blair,

JEWELER.

Large stock, splendid goods and low prices, quantity, quality, workmanship and intrinsic value considered.

No. 2 Brockerhoff House.

Bellefonte Republican.

By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

A Peculiar Accident.

HARRISBURG, Pa., December 23.—At the Lochiel rolling mill at 7.45 o'clock this morning preparations were busily being made for a trial of the rollers, previous to starting them permanently. The fires had been lighted under the boilers and rollers had taken their places, when suddenly one of the large boilers emitted a hissing sound, there was a crash and the huge cylinder fell to the ground a distance of about twelve feet. The boiler flue had collapsed. In an instant the vicinity of the fallen boiler was totally obscured by escaping steam, dust and smoke, and pieces of bricks and iron were flying in every direction. When those who witnessed the accident hurried to the spot, they found that a number of those near the boiler had been hurt. These were carefully gotten away and some of them taken to the hospital. The following is a list of the injured: Superintendent W. D. Williams, of Danville, cut about the head by flying bricks, not seriously; Thomas J. Price, of Danville, a roller, who tried to escape the flying missiles, was not lucky and was cut above the right eye; W. H. Pickens, Danville, catcher at the rolls, was struck in the abdomen by a piece of iron, and sustained injuries that the physicians consider serious. He was removed to the hospital. Richard Cuellew, Danville, a heater, was hurt about the head and shoulders by flying brick and slightly scalded. A young man named Rohrbach, residing on South Eleventh street, just went to work this morning, and his first experience was the accident, in which he was cut on the left arm, knee and hip. He was sent to the hospital, but after his injuries were attended to Rohrbach went home. James Welsh, Danville, was buried in the brick and debris in such a way that he could not free himself. When in this situation he was struck on the head by flying brick, and escaping steam scalded him about the legs.

Fall of Black Damp.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., December 23.—A message was sent from here this morning to the effect that there is a possibility of the imprisoned men being yet alive, and that the company were going to drill in several places, put down pipes and thereby furnish the victims with pure air. This is denied on good authority. The mine is full of black damp which is an agency of sure death. They will not be rescued alive, and it is more than probable that some of them will never be found.

A later telegram says: It is now a certainty that all the imprisoned miners at Nanticoke are dead. The most experienced miners in the valley say that when black damp and gas made their appearance it was not long before the men were choked to death. While it is hoped that the bodies may be recovered in two weeks, it is thought they are entombed forever, notwithstanding the company is doing all in its power to recover the bodies. Work has to be stopped in the Ross vein, both at Nanticoke and Morgantown, cutting off a pay roll of over $6,000 a day. All the other works of the Susquehanna coal company were put in operation to-day.

Burgess and Councilmen.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., Dec. 24.—John J. Toole, Chief Burgess of this borough, was assaulted and beaten on Main street by a member of the Town Council, named Kepler, his two brothers, and a man named Bitterman. The latter is a green grocer, and had barrels of truck obstructing the sidewalk. The Chief Burgess ordered their removal, when Councilman Kepler interfered, saying that he had given Bitterman permission to occupy the sidewalk. The discussion which followed collected a crowd, which blocked the passage. The Councilman, among the others, was ordered off the pavement, but refused to go; and when his brother, who was also among the crowd, assaulted the officer, the Councilman, Bitterman and the third Kepler also attacked and overpowered him, but did not do him serious bodily injury. No arrests have yet been made, but it is probable that a law suit will be the result of the fight.

Drowned the Night Before Christmas.

BURGETTSTOWN, Pa. Dec. 25.—Last evening Ida McElhennyaged, 16 years, who lived with John Fredericks, a farmer in the outskirts of town, started to milk the cows. Not returning within a reasonable time search was made for her, and she was found lying in a small run near the barn, dead. The path to the barn lay across this stream, which was bridged by a plank. When the girl attempted to cross it the plank broke, and it is supposed that in falling her head struck a stone rendering her insensible, and in this condition she was drowned.

Another Horror.

LONDON, December 23.—A dispatch from Pont-Y-Pridd, Wales, reports that a terrible colliery explosion has just occurred at the Ferndale pit, near there, and that four hundred miners are entombed.

A later dispatch says that twelve dead bodies have been taken out of the Ferndale pit, and that about thirty miners have been recovered more or less injured. The remainder of those who were in the mines at the time of the explosion are thought to be safe.

The Negroes Escaped Uninjured.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Dec. 25.—A desperate battle between about a dozen unknown negroes and tramps occurred near here this afternoon. The fight was the result of an attempt to drive the tramps from their encampment. It lasted nearly an hour, and clubs, stones and revolvers were freely used. The tramps were finally driven off, but not before one of their number had been mortally wounded and another quite seriously injured by being shot through the shoulder. The negroes escaped uninjured.

Trouble with Indians.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Dec. 25.—A telegram has been received here, signed by a number of citizens of Quellent, about 125 miles from here, stating that there was danger of an Indian outbreak, and asking protection. A revenue cutter, with a company of soldiers from the fort, has gone to the scene. No particulars have been received. Serious trouble is not anticipated.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"I say, Bobby," whispered Featherly, was your sister pleased to learn that I had called upon her?"

Prof. J. L. Sullivan is more popular in Boston than the Puritan—and he is only a whaling craft at that—*Philadelphia Press.*

A poet sings: "I see the flush upon thy cheek." If this is the case, that poet would do well to lay down his hand unless he can beat it.—*Puck.*

"Yes, indeed she was," replied Bobby. "When mother told her that Mr. Featherly had called while she was out she said, "Thank Heaven!"—*New York Sun.*

Neither bustles nor corsets are worn in Japan, and when a Japanese maiden sits down in a skating rink she gets her money's worth every time.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Explained.—Auger (a young author)—"There seems to be a conspiracy against me among the publishers." Gimlet—"How so?" Auger—"They have all of them declined the same thing."—*Puck.*

The brewer who maketh good beer in the day and putteth a good head on it is better than he who drinketh the beer at night and waketh up in the morning with a good head on himself. —*Stockton Maverick.*

There are thirteen widows living on one street about 300 yards long in Americus, Ga. The city authorities propose to put up at each end of the street a sign: "Dangerous passing." —*Somerville Journal.*

Nautical husband (jokingly)—"O, I'm the mainstay of the family." Wife—"Yes, and the jibboom, and the—and the——" Small boy (from experience)—"And the spanker, too, mamma."—*Troy Press.*

Frank J. Black, the genial and brilliant young journalist who writes about medieval theology and other little things, made us a very pleasant call last evening. We were not in at the time—*Punxsutawney Tribune.*

The Rev. Phillips Brooks recently spoke for half an hour at the rate of 213 words per minute, which proves conclusively that there is nothing a woman can do which a man cannot do just as well or better.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Ella Wheeler sings "body and heart seemed shaken, thrilled, and startled by that greeting." An enthusiastic admirer thinks that some big fisted fellow must have slapped Ella on the back and asked her how the weather suited her.—*New York Journal.*

"I am just as much opposed to tippling as anybody," said Fenderson; "but, nevertheless, liquor rightly used is a blessing to humanity. When I was ill last winter, I actually believed it saved my life." Fogg—"Very likely; but how does that prove that liquor is a blessing to humanity?"—*Boston Transcript.*

A well-educated young lady in Richmond wants a position as teacher in Danville. She has passed the giggling age, but is not too old to be a very agreeable companion, and the editor of this paper can heartily recommend her to any family desiring an intelligent teacher and companion.—*Danville (Va.) Register.*

A morning paper has this truly sensational heading to one of its columns: "Edward Graul shoots a woman with whom he was madly in love three times." Nothing is more common than a man's being in love three times, but it is not usually with the same woman.—*San Franciscan.*

There is a growing fear among the sentimental ladies of St. Louis society that Maxwell may prove to be a gentleman, a scholar, and an innocent man after all. If such proves to be the case they should prosecute him for obtaining adoration under false pretenses.—*Leavenworth (Kas.) Times.*

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg has been out West singing to enthusiastic audiences of cowboys and miners. In relating her experience at Butte City, Miss Kellogg says: "One lady came 200 miles to hear me, and said she was well paid for the trip." Any one who would travel so far to hear Clara Louise would have to be well paid.—*The Rambler.*

"In the first place, brethren," said a camp-meeting orator last night, "we must be careful of what we say, and in the second place"—there was some noise in the congregation caused by people coming in and the speaker paused—"in the second place," repeated the speaker, and again he paused, and a small boy arose and cried out: "The Alleghenys are in the second place; Cincinnati got licked." —*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Late inventions—A thunder-rod for people who are liable to be "thunderstruck" on receiving unexpected intelligence; a grindstone for people who are in the habit of "grinding their teeth" when they are in anger; a device for grubbing people who are "rooted to the spot;" a patent air ship for restoring people to their homes who are "carried away with emotion," "transported with delight," etc.; a steam-roller for people "petrified with astonishment."—*Boston Courier.*

An English visitor at one of the smaller spas in Germany was complaining the other day to a garcon at his hotel that the water he took really seemed not to have the slightest effect, so far as he was concerned. "But you see, monsieur," replied the waiter, who, it should be said, was under notice to quit his place, "it is necessary to be patient. Now, I well remember a lady at this hotel last season who took the waters, and she did not die until she had been here close upon six months."—*London Figaro.*

"How's yer boy gettin' erlong, Jasper?" asked a negro, meeting an acquaintance. "Ken talk right smart, now, kain't he?" "Talk right smart? W'y, you oughter heah dat chile open his mouf. Talk? W'y, I tell yer wut he ken do. He can talk through one of dese heah tellyfones." "Go way, now." "Oh, it's er fack." "Yer doan tell me so!" "Cose I does." "Talk through a tellyfone, eh?" "Jes like I tells yer. Ef dat boy doan grow up to be a lawyer I'll jes' ax somebody to tell me der reason; dat's what I'll do." —*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Johannes Schoner, a zealous astrologer of the sixteenth century, once when on a journey put up at a friend's house, where he saw the youngest child of the latter, æt. 2, lying in the cradle. He immediately sat down at his friend's writing-desk and drew up the baby's horoscope, in which he foretold that it would grow up to be a gallant warrior, and, like his father, would attain to high rank and dignities. After glancing at the paper the father exclaimed, laughing: "Why, Johannes, it is a girl!"—*Der Schalk.*

A religiously inclined correspondent at the seashore writes that Col. Robert Ingersoll's wall-eyed atheistic pup was chewed up and had four handfuls of fur bitten out of his back the other day by an Established Church of England terrier at Long Beach. The Ingersoll dog barked too violently at the sun, implying that it was only the reflection of nothingness, the Established Church dog protested, the controversy followed, and the atheistic dog came out of it practically worthless, even for use as a door-mat.

The rivalry between Houston and Galveston continues unabated. No matter what the residents of one city claim, the residents of the rival commercial center dispute the claim. A Houston man was in Galveston not long since, the guest of a resident of the latter city. The Galveston man frequently gave his Houston friend a cigar to smoke, at the same time deprecating the inferiority of the weed. "Now," replied the Houston man, "you have been telling me all along how bad your cigars are. I want you to stop with me a day or so when you come to Houston, and I will convince you that I can treat my guests to worse cigars than you ever smoked in your life. I'll give you cigars that will break you of the habit of smoking altogether."

Langtry and a Cook.

One would hardly suppose that amid the adulation of the young nobility of London and the undisguised attention of the future ruler of England, Lily, the charming, the incomparable Langtry, would give a thought to any of our fellow-townsmen. But she has. The lucky individual is our young real estate agent, Mr. J. Cook, Jr., and if the boat is not wrecked and the animal don't die, Dr. Cook will ere long receive a beautiful dog which Lily promised him for his courtesy one day in Washington.

Mr. Cook, as everyone knows, is one of our most engaging young gentlemen, and on this occasion, in particular, the snow and slush was ankle deep on Pennsylvania avenue. Lily was playing at Ford's, and, as luck would have it, rode up from the capitol in the same street car in which sat Mr. Cook. With the politeness of his sex, Mr. Cook not only offered the strange young lady his seat, but, noticing the embarrassment under which she labored from the multiplicity of packages and bundles with which she was laden, considerately gathered up in his arms the ugliest pug dog on the two continents. He nursed the dog, chatted with the fair owner, and made himself otherwise agreeable till Ford's theater was reached. Here the young woman prepared to alight, and the young gentleman, equal to the emergency, lost no time in following her with dog and parcels. These deposited on the sidewalk, Mr. Cook expeditiously and with grace soon placed her with equal care clear of the slush and the snow. It was but a few steps to the theater, but before separation the gallant found his pocket full of "comps," and the lady in return exacted a solemn promise that he'd be on hand at the evening performance. Mr. Cook was on hand, in a front seat, never dreaming that his companion was anything more prominent than a stage fairy or a member of the ballet, at the most. Judge of his surprise, therefore, when the curtain rose and in the fair face of the young woman Mr. Cook saw the famed Mrs. Langtry. Recognition was mutual, and the Lily, from the expression on her face, enjoyed hugely Mr. Cook's ill-concealed astonishment. The acquaintance thus romantically begun didn't end here. He called at Lily's hotel, was handsomely received, and the pleasure was reciprocal, for during the whole of Lily's engagement at Ford's, Cook and his friends were plentifully supplied with complimentary tickets.

Here's where the don comes in. Before leaving the city the Denver young man insisted that he ought to have the dog. Lily, however, would not part with her pet, but promised, upon her return to England, she would send to Mr. Cook's Denver address one of the finest dogs in all England. Lily is a woman of her word, and Mr. Cook at any time may expect to see at his door the promised canine.—*Denver Opinion.*

At Gastein, when the Emperor and Empress of Austria took leave of Kaiser Wilhelm, the latter wished to accompany them some distance from the Badeschloss. They begged him to spare himself that fatigue. But he insisted on going. Then Franz Josef, with dignified pleasantry, said: "When you are wearing my uniform you should obey my orders." Whereupon Kaiser Wilhelm, who was in the dress of an Austrian Colonel, drew himself up, gravely saluted, and replied: "I must, of course, obey your Majesty's commands!"

A man died at Montrouge, in France, after a strong reverse of fortune. He was known in the humble society among which he ended his days as Le Pere Fallais, but under the Empire, less than twenty years, he lived in great luxury. He was the contractor who undertook the work for opening the Boulevard St. Michael, in which millions passed through his hands. He afterward became utterly ruined in unfortunate speculations, and lived for a time on the charity of an old beggar-woman whom he had promised to remunerate when he came into a fortune he expected, but as the fortune did not come she lost patience and turned him into the streets, where he was found lying dead on a heap of rubbish.

A Valuable Medical Treatise.

The edition of 1886 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States, Mexico, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for over one-fifth of a century. It combines, with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, &c., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1886 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Co., Pittsburg, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

Persian lamb's wool, Astrakhan and black fox are the fashionable trimmings used upon tailor-made suits for ladies in mourning.

Consumption cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetation remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after testing its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.* 17 46 1y

Among the most fashionable furs of the season are skunk, beaver, wolverine and blue fox; sold in stripes, and most useful for trimming.

Raised velvet flowers, a faithful copy of nature, are to be had ready to applique on to any dresses, such as roses, tulips, etc., quite works of art.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by *Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.* No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2 00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. 17 32 1y

Silver is the particular fashion of the season, and for evening dresses it is impossible to go wrong in having silver trimmings or embroideries.

Pierre Lorillard has been for a long time in such a condition as to hard cash that it is a matter of indifference to his purse whether he orders a plug of tobacco or a yacht. His latest order is for a $35 000 schooner rigged yacht, to be built at Greenpoint, L. I.

"It fairly Wearies me to Think of the multitude of things advertised to cure disease," you say. No wonder. But in the mountains of chaff there are grains of golden wheat. We may find it difficult to induce you to test the merits of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, but when you have done so, our work is ended. Afterwards you and this medicine will be fast friends. Favorite Remedy would have died out long ago except for its real usefulness. But it is good and does good.

He heard several miners, who had for many years been living a rough frontier life, discussing what they would do when they had "made their piles" and could return with riches "to the States." "Well, said one grizzly old veteran, "I know what I'll do. I'll go as straight as the cars will take me to New York, and when I get there I'll make a bee line for Delmonico's and I'll get the blankedly blankedest dinner that money can buy. I don't care if it cost me $50. I'll have it." "Now, what do you think you would order," queried Fred, with some curiosity, "if you were to go into Delmonico's for a fifty dollar dinner?" "Well, I dunno; but I guess I'd have some ham and eggs—yes, I would; I'd have ham and eggs, by gosh!"

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D New York City.* 17 45 1y

Miscellaneous.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania, Saturday January 16 1886, by CHARLES F. BERWIND, ALLISON WHITE, EDWARD J. BERWIND, HENRY S. FRANK and JOHN WHITEHEAD, under the act of Assembly entitled "An act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "BERWIND WHITE COAL MINING COMPANY," the character and object of which is to carry on the business of mining coal in the counties of Clearfield, Centre, Blair, Cambria and Jefferson, in the State of Pennsylvania, and in said counties to purchase or lease coal lands, to open and work the same, to mine, quarry, ship, transport and buy and sell coal, with power to erect, construct, purchase and own such buildings, machinery and other appliances of whatever nature necessary or convenient in the conduct or management of the said business, and for this purpose to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

HENRY C. TERRY,
Solicitor,
No. 116 S. THIRD Street, Philadelphia.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.
7 9 4t

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., N. Y.
17 49 4t

Miscellaneous.

ELECTION NOTICE.—To the stockholders of the Bellefonte Gas Co.: The annual election of the Bellefonte Gas Co. will be held at the office of E. & E. M. Blanchard on Monday, the 4th day of January, A. D. 1886, between the hours of one and four o'clock p. m. A President, six Managers, Secretary and Treasurer are to be elected for the ensuing year.
17 49 3t E. M. BLANCHARD, Secretary.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of James H. Smith, deceased, late of Ferguson township, Centre county, Pa., all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated, for settlement
J. L. SMITH, *Administrator.*
Tyrone, Blair county, Pa., Dec. 14, 1885. 17 50 6t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Edward D. Johnson, late of Boggs township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against the same are requested to present them, duly authenticated, for settlement to
NATHANIEL BEERLY,
HASTINGS & REEDER, Attorneys. } Administrator, Boggs township, Pa.
17 48 6t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Thomas Parsons, late of Huston township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated, for settlement.
J. D. PARSONS, W. P. PARSONS, } Administrators, Julian, Centre County, Pa.
December 8, 1885. 17 49 6t

Eclectic Magazine
—OF—
Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

1885—41st YEAR.

The Foreign Magazines embody the best thoughts of the ablest writers of Europe. It is the aim of the ECLECTIC MAGAZINE to select and reprint all the representative articles thus given to the world.

The plan of the ECLECTIC includes *Science, Essays, Reviews, Biographical Sketches, Historical Papers, Art Criticism, Travels, Poetry and Short Stories.*

Its Editorial Department's comprise *Literary Notices,* dealing with current home books, *Foreign Literary Notes, Science and Art,* summarizing briefly the new discoveries and achievements in this field, and consisting of choice extracts from new books and foreign journals. The subjoined lists exhibit the principal sources whence the material is drawn, and the names of some of the leading authors whose articles may be expected to appear:

PERIODICALS.	AUTHORS.
Quarterly Review,	Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone
Brit. Quarterly Review,	Alfred Tennyson,
Edinburgh Review,	Professor Huxley,
Westminster Review,	Professor Tyndall,
Contemporary Review,	R. ch. A. Proctor, B. A.,
Fortnightly Review,	J. Norman Lockyer F. R. S.
The Nineteenth Cent'y,	Dr. W. B. Carpenter,
Science Miscellany,	E. B. Tylor,
Blackwood's Magazine,	Professor Max Muller,
Cornhill Magazine,	Professor Owen,
Macmillan's Magazine,	Matthew Arnold,
Longman's Magazine,	E. A. Freeman, D. C. L.,
New Quart. Magazine,	James Anthony Froude,
Temple Bar,	Thos. Hughes,
Belgravia,	Algernon C. Swinburne,
Good Words,	William Black,
London Society,	Mrs. Oliphant,
Saturday Review,	Cardinal Newman,
The Spectator,	Cardinal Manning,
The Academy,	Miss Thackeray,
The Athenæum,	Thomas Hardy,
Nature,	Robert Buchanan,
Etc., Etc.	Etc., Etc.

The aim of the ECLECTIC *is to be instructive and not sensational, and it commends itself particularly to all intelligent and thoughtful readers who desire instruction as well as entertainment.*

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E. R. PELTON, Publisher,
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Now, ladies, send in your order.

Our facilities for doing work are unsurpassed. The best of skilled workmen, the latest improved presses, the largest and most varied assortment of type, both plain and ornamental, give us the means to execute ALL WORK with neatness and dispatch.

When you want your next job done give us a trial. Office in No 69 High street (near depot.)

TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

Miscellaneous.

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OVER 1,000,000
BOTTLES SOLD AND NEVER
FAILS TO CURE COUGHS, COLDS,
THROAT AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES
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DON'T FORGET THAT
DR. LINDSEYS BLOOD SEARCHER
ALWAYS CURES PIMPLES, BOILES, SORE EYES, MALARIA, MERCURIAL AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES
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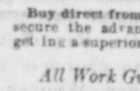
17 45 1y



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The popular favorite for dressing the hair. Restoring color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1 sizes at Druggists.
17 42 4m

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THE NATIONAL CO.
17 51 4t Bergstress

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My recent importation of Percheron horses, together with my present stock of nearly 100 head, make one of the most desirable studs in this country to select from. All stock recorded, with pedigree, in Percheron Stud-Books of France and America. Took 27 prizes and gold medal at last two N. Y. State fairs. Send for Catalogue. Station ENSIGNE, on Southern Central R. R. JOHN W. AKIN, Scipio, N. Y. Box 36.
17 51 26t

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Successor to J. R. BARTRUFF.

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17 20 1y

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We have purchased an entire new outfit for the Book Binding business, and have engaged one of the

BEST BINDERS

in the State, Mr. JOHN LINGLE, late foreman of the Patriot Book Bindery of Harrisburg, and are therefore prepared to bind all kinds of

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17 41 1y

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

—Did you have a merry Christmas?

—The Curtin Band was in Bellefonte last Saturday, giving serenades.

—Commander Austin Curtin attended the lecture on Christmas evening.

—T. F. Meyer, proprietor of the Rebersburg hotel, killed a hog, the other day which weighed 474 pounds.

—A large quantity of stone has been deposited on Bishop street, preparatory to the building of the new sewer in that vicinity.

—The Reformed Sunday-school gave the attendants of that school an enjoyable Christmas treat on the evening of December 24.

—It is said that Isaac Lose, Sr., has purchased a lot on Curtin street of J. L. Spangler, Esq., and expects to build a residence there.

—Nearly all the churches in Bellefonte had services on Christmas. The service in the Methodist church was at 5 o'clock a. m. and was well attended.

—The Christmas issue of the *Democratic Watchman* was a beauty and reflected credit on the enterprise and go-aheadativeness of that always lively paper.

—The Christmas festival for St. John's Episcopal Sunday-school on the evening of the 24th was a delightful affair, pleasing both children and grown folks.

—A ton of turkeys was shipped from this place on Saturday, December 19. We forget who shipped them, but believe they went to some point in New York State.

—Mr. and Mrs. Slabig, of near Centre Hall, were thrown from their sleigh the other day. Mrs. Slabig's left arm was broken and Mr. S. sustained painful bruises.

—There will be a musical convention at Aaronsburg during the week beginning Monday, January 11. It will be under the auspices of the Ladies' Mite Society of the Reformed church.

—Excursion trains will run over the new road on the evenings of the lecture on the Battle of Gettysburg—Christmas night and Saturday. Many people will be here from Centre Hall and Lemont.

—The hotel on the road between State College and Marengo is conducted by Mr. John Fields and is certainly an excellent place to stop at for a day or longer. It was formerly conducted by Philip Gates.

—Dr. F. F. Wetzel, of Millheim, is suffering from the effects of an injury to one of his legs. A heavy trough fell against it a few days ago, inflicting bruises which render him unable to use it at present.

—A family reunion was held at Col. D. H. Hastings' residence on Christmas day. Among those present were Mr. Hasting's father, Mrs. Saltsman and her daughters, Misses Emma and Jessie Saltsman, of Lock Haven.

—It was exactly twenty-four years on Thursday, the 24th inst., since the Germans took possession of their hotel. It is probable that the house will be conducted under their prosperous management for at least as long a time in the future.

—Rev. M. K. Foster has been in Philadelphia this week. It is expected that he will begin his duties as Presiding Elder of the Juniata district next week. Rev. J. A. Woodcock is among those who are mentioned to serve out his unexpired term as pastor of the church here.

—Mr. Martin Smith, the new postmaster at Guyer, this county, is a heavy weight, but not quite so heavy as his predecessor. Postmaster Keith, the former p. m., tipped the scales about 20 pounds heavier than Mr. Smith. It is a coincidence that there should be two postmasters in succession, each of whom weigh more than 200 lbs. Do big men make the best postmasters?

—Somewhat more than the usual excitement attended the killing of a beef on Mr. Jacob K. Rider's place, in Stormstown, a few days ago. The individual who fired the first shot missed. The second one only angered the animal and it required four or five shots before the beef was laid low. But he was a handsome animal and everybody admired him and enjoyed the temporary agitation the occasion caused.

—Mr. Joseph Eves, one of the most substantial citizens in the vicinity of Stormstown, this county, resides in a large, handsome frame house. It is located a short distance above the town. Mr. Eves has not only accumulated a handsome competence, but he has also raised several large, fine-looking sons, who have been trained to habits of industry, and bid fair to be as successful as their father. Mr. Eves should be a happy man.

—The members of Prof. Munder's dancing class tendered him a complimentary hop in Armory hall on Tuesday evening, December 22. The music was rendered by Prof. Munder, as leading violinist and the Adelphic orchestra, with Prof. Girod, of Milesburg, as piano accompanist. Prof. Munder pronounces Prof. Girod one of the most expert piano accompanists he ever met, and Prof. Munder's word is valuable as his experience is extensive. The music was most excellent and the hop successful in every particular.

THE BELLEFONTE ACADEMY.

A High Compliment for the School in the Mountains.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY NEWS:

Sir: I lately had the pleasure of visiting the Bellefonte Academy during regular Christmas examinations. I was so impressed with the high standard there maintained, and the thoroughness of the course pursued, that I feel inclined to call the attention of your readers to the opportunities offered by that institution.

Bellefonters are possessed of an exceptional advantage, (did we but realize it) in the fact that a town of the size of Bellefonte is provided with such rare educational facilities, not to speak of possibilities, as are proffered by the Bellefonte Academy.

Prof. Hughes, the Principal, is a born educator. It is the testimony of all those that know him thoroughly and well, that his insight into the mental needs of the young, his knowledge of the fittest means for their development and his quick perception of the capabilities and natural bent of individual minds, are extraordinary. To such native qualities he adds the experience of years.

Then, too, Professor Hughes is assisted by his son Mr. James R. Hughes, Jr., a young man lately graduated from Princeton College. Mr. Hughes' course in college was in every sense creditable, but singularly so in the branches that he now undertakes to teach at the Bellefonte Academy. While at college he was often called upon to "coach" members of his class in French and German, and his scholarship in Latin and Greek was everywhere acknowledged and recognized. He bids fair to develop the same powers of imparting his knowledge as are possessed by his father in so eminent a degree.

The lady teachers are equally thorough and proficient. The examinations of their classes evidence close drill and enlightened instruction.

That such an institution ough to prosper, seems to me quite evident; that it ought to receive the general support and encouragement of the citizens of Bellefonte, I think is equally evident; but, that the actual interest that Bellefonters take in this Bellefonte institution is sadly below the mark, would, I think, be admitted by any one who would look without prejudice into the existing state of affairs.

I spoke of possibilities, but I leave them wholly out of the consideration of this letter. What might be accomplished through the benefit of an adequate endowment founded by one or more of our public spirited citizens, is a very interesting question. But I am not now discussing it. My present aim is to briefly lay before your readers the advantages which we already possess.

Should such advantages be insured to us permanently? Support and encouragement will insure them; a due amount of public interest in the welfare of the institution, will insure them. Is the game worth the candle? Y

Installation and Feast.

Tuesday evening, December 22, was a most happy occasion in the history of Lodge 268, Free and Accepted Order of Masons, of this place. One of the principal items of business which came before the consideration of the Lodge was the installation of officers to serve during the ensuing year. They were installed as follows:

W. M., W. I Fleming.
S. W., I N. Gordon.
J. W., D. B. Bell.
Treasurer, H. Y. Stitzer.
Secretary, Geo. B. Weaver.
S. D., L. A. Shaffer.
J. D., John Meese.
Chaplain, S. D. Gray.
S. M. C., Theodore R Boak.
J. M. C., W. Fred Reynolds.
Purv., W. W. Bayard.
Tyler, W. S. Philips.

A very elegant feast followed the installation. All that the most skillful caterer could provide graced the boards. The previous exercises had sharpened the appetites of all present and the way the turkey, chicken, oysters, cake, etc., disappeared is quite unprecedented in the history of similar events in our town. Mr. S. M. Buck, the proprietor of the Novelty Machine Works, exhibited his customary ability in causing the rich viands to disappear, and Mr. John C. Miller, the booker at the Nail Works, vowed that although Holmes might be the autocrat of the breakfast table, he would claim the right to fill that position at the supper table.

—The efficient president of the Milesburg Relief Corps, Mary Crossmire, was much surprised and greatly pleased on Tuesday evening, December 22. The 22d was the occasion of her 45th birthday, but the day passed without special notice. In the evening the door bell rang and when the door was opened the members of the Corps came trooping in. Many and willing hands made easy and quick work, and soon the table was laden with all the appetite could desire. The other exercises of the evening were also correspondingly successful and when the hour came for departure the happy company separated with regrets and many hopes expressed that they might meet again.

What Does He Mean?

We are surprised to find the following in the Lewistown *Free Press*, of December 23:

The Bellefonte DAILY NEWS of the 16th inst. contained a notice announcing the marriage, on the 9th inst., of a Lewistown man to a lady of Central City which the young man stamps as a base falsehood, he not knowing the lady, neither was he in that neighborhood at or near the time mentioned. He also says he has no thoughts of donning the matrimonial harness for some time yet.

In looking through the NEWS of the 16th we see no such wedding notice as is referred to, but in the NEWS of the 17th inst. is the following:

BELL—CRAMER—By the Rev. J. Zeigler, at Snow Shoe Intersection, on the 9th of Dec., A. D. 1885, Harry E. Bell, of Lewistown, Pa., to Minnie C. Kramer of Central City and formerly of New York.

Now, we do not desire to misrepresent the young man as we are unmarried ourselves and would not want any paper to publish our marriage if it did not occur. Therefore, if he is still single we can appreciate his feelings. But the notice was sent us by the officiating minister, a gentleman who understands how to tie the knot about as slick as anybody can. He has sent us dozens of them before and never made a mistake. Therefore, we consider the young man's denial as at least very strange. P.S. We have just consulted Rev. Zeigler on the subject and he says the notice is correct.

Railroad Employes.

Care is taken by the men in authority of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company that the hands in all the passenger trains look neat and gentlemanly. The Superintendents send out orders at intervals calling to the minds of the men their wishes in this respect. The conductors have just received orders that they and their men, the baggagemaster and brakemen, keep their coats buttoned up, their boots blacked, clean collars on and neatly shaved. Moreover the brakeman is not supposed to sit down, but to keep his stand by the front door of the car while the train is in motion.

The idea of the men keeping neat is doubtless a good thing, but on some of the branches where they have to shift box and coal cars it is a very difficult thing for them to manage. The men in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company are supposed to buy for themselves two suits a year, $21 each, a summer and a winter suit. On some railroads the uniforms are furnished the men free. For instance, on the Illinois Central all the hands are furnished with two complete uniforms each, and those men find but little trouble in keeping tidy. However, there are, perhaps, no body of men that as a rule keep themselves so neat as those on the passenger trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad and its branches.

The Great Battlefield.

Of course our celebration of Christmas was concluded with attendance at the illustrated lecture on the battlefield of Gettysburg, by Sergeant Holtzworth, in Humes' Hall, in the evening. Comrade Holtzworth was introduced by Col. D. S. Keller. The speaker has at his tongue's end an endless store of information concerning the battle. The illustrations thrown on canvas of the monuments, memorials and other interesting objects and places of the battlefield are very numerous. The entertainment throughout was well appreciated by a very large audience.

—Our friend, Mr Frank Gilbart, of the Singer Sewing Machine agency, was married on Thursday evening, December 24 to Miss Damie Schrom, the happy event occurring at the bride's home in this place. Rev. M. K. Foster officiated. Frank is an exceedingly pleasant gentleman and will make a first class husband. We are sure that his bride will be to him a model wife and a true helpmeet. They went to Norristown on a wedding tour. May their path through life be strewn thickly with the pearls of happiness and prosperity.

—The hearts of the boys at the depot were gladdened through the generosity of Mr. A. G. Morris, of Tyrone, who presented them each with a turkey for their Christmas dinner by the hand of his Sup't, Samuel Shaffer. They return their sincere thanks for his act of kindness and may rich blessings be showered upon him, he realizing that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

DEPOT BOYS.

—We do not believe the story told by Irv. Speer that four young men who went to Lock Haven on Christmas did not have money enough to buy their dinners or to pay their return passage. But it said they have good credit in the Lumber City and succeeded in borrowing a few dollars.

—From W. I. Fleming & Co., on Christmas, was received a neat purse, bearing the imprint, "Compliments of W. I Fleming & Co., merchant tailors and gents furnishers, Bellefonte, Pa." It was very kind in Mr. F. to provide us with a receptacle for our surplus silver.

—No one in Bellefonte received a nicer Christmas gift than arrived on Christmas eve at the home Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hamilton, on Howard street. It was a darling infant daughter.

—One of the most elaborate and beautiful Christmas trees in Bellefonte this year is the one in the parlor of Mrs. Martha Lane's residence.

His Father a Fast Runner.

A Sunday school teacher was telling her children how the devil goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, and after the lesson was through she said those who wished could ask questions. At once a little boy spoke up and asked how fast the devil could run.

"Hush, Johnnie," said the teacher, "such questions are very profane."

"Well, I don't care," said Johnnie, "he can't outrun pa, anyhow, 'cause I heard pa tell a man down the street the other day that he caught the devil the night he came home from the lodge."

The Fashions.

All from Godey's Ladies Book.

For misses, velveteen skirts of garnet, blue or brown are fashionable.

Large, fancy buttons are used as clasps, and placed in groups of three on either side of basques and jackets.

Pretty aprons for school wear are made of black silk worked in silk, or of fine black alpaca decorated with crewels.

Little heads of spaniels with glass eyes are seen on some of the new muffs, a fashion that we do not think will be received with favor.

Long visites are made of the new woolen fabrics which imitate a lace pattern placed over a colored lining.

Stripes of all sizes continue in the greatest favor and appear in most costumes, though rarely employed without being combined with plain material.

Thick, plushy, woolen materials are more worn as the season advances, for walking costumes. Smooth cloths, however, are still in great demand.

Faded shades of violet and heliotrope are once more in great vogue for dressy toilettes. These shades combine prettily with cream or white lace.

MISSING LINKS.

The new bells that cost $5,000 chime at Chautauqua.

Bosworth battlefield is cut into quarters by a canal and a railroad.

Both the sons of the Czar are slight, gentle-looking boys, resembling their mother.

German geologists estimate that the Dead Sea will be a mass of solid salt a thousand years hence.

A bill in the Georiga Legislature proposes a tax of $100 for every base ball game played in the state.

One of the English railroad companies has supplied all its employes with red neck handkerchiefs, the wearing of which is compulsory.

San Francisco fishermen say the seals and sea lions in the harbor must go. They consume 44,000 tons of fish a year—enough to supply the whole city.

A national movement is being successfully carried out in the Colony of Victoria to erect a memorial statue in Melbourne to the late Gen. Gordon.

When Bismarck made the acquaintance of his present doctor he was sick and peevishly declined to answer questions. "As you like," said the doctor; "send for a veterinary surgeon, as such practitioners treat their patients without asking any questions." The Chancellor was captured.

William Henry Hurlbert writes from London that Mr. Forster once said of the late Lord Houghton: "Foibles or no foibles, this is to be said of him by me, that of all the men I have ever known he is the one man to whom I would go at once, not only were I in trouble, but were I in disgrace."

Miscellaneous.

GRANT FROM WEST POINT TO APPOMATTOX.

Also BANG'S AMERICAN WAR PICTURES, a series of magnificent *Aquarelle* prints. A Pictorial History of Heroic Deeds and memorable incidents during the War for the Union. Agents wanted. For terms and territory apply to W. D. ALLEN, 716 Chestnut St., Phil'a. 17-51-2t.

Rogers' Grapoline!

This preparation is a mild and gentle saline cathartic, alterative and tonic. It is most carefully prepared in the form of a snow white powder, containing all the medical properties of the GRAPE and other fruits. It will promptly cure Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Indigestion and all Inflammatory complaints where a gentle, cooling cathartic is required. Give this remedy one trial and it will convince you of the above facts. Prepared by A. H. ROGERS & CO., Geneseo, N.Y.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

17 46 1y

Read what the people say concerning the ability of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil to cure asthma, catarrh, croup, colds etc. Mrs. Dora Koch of Buffalo, says: "For croup it is decidedly efficacious." [Mrs. Jacob Mellisor of Marion Ohio, says the same thing.] S. S. Graves, Akron, N. Y., writes: "Had asthma of the worst kind, took one dose of Thomas' Eclectric Oil and was relieved in a few minutes. Would walk five miles for this medicine and pay $5 a bottle for it." Druggist C. R. Hall, Grayville, Ill., says: "Cured an ulcerated throat for me in twenty-four hours." "Sat up in bed and coughed till the clothing was wet with perspiration. My wife insisted that I use Thomas' Eclectric Oil. The first teaspoonful RELIEVED me." E. H. Perkins, Creek Centre, N.Y., Thomas' Eclectric Oil is also a TIP-TOP external application for rheumatism, cuts, scalds, burns, bites, bruises, etc. When visiting the druggist, ask him what he knows of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil; if he has been long in the drug trade, be sure he will speak highly of it.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

50c.-THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL-$1.00

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

17 43 1y

Miscellaneous.

COURT PROCLAMATION.—Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th judicial district, consisting of the Counties of Centre and Huntingdon and the Hon. Chester Munson and the Hon. J. R. Smith, Associate Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 2d day of Dec., A. D. 1885, to me directed, for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the peace in Bellefonte, for the County of Centre, and to commence on the third Monday of January, being the 18th day of Jan., 1886, and to continue three week, notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said County of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 15th day of Dec., in the year of our Lord, 1885, and in the one hundred and ninth year of the independence of the United States.

W. MILES WALKER, Sheriff.

17 50 3t

AUDITOR'S NOTICE—In the Orphans. court of Centre county. Estate of John R Baker, deceased.—The undersigned an auditor appointed by said court to report distribution of the balance in the hands of George H. Wistar, administrator, to and among the parties legally entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the borough of Bellefonte, on Saturday, January 2d, A. D. 1886, at 10:3 a. m. Parties interested will please attend.

7 50 3t JOHN KLINE, *Auditor.*

Amputation of the Leg.

Money is the universal necessity, and none but a cynic or a fool will affect to despise it. Mr Abram Ellsworth of Port Ewen, Ulster County, N. Y., had realized this truth. His disease involved the whole of his thigh bone, and the suffering man looked forward, not without apparent reason, to death as his only deliverer. The family physicians refused to amputate the limb, asserting that the operation would kill the patient on the spot. Dr. *David* KENNEDY, of Rondout, N. Y., who was consulted, held a different opinion and amputated the limb. The Doctor then administered freely his great Blood Specific FAVORITE REMEDY to afford tone and strength to the system and prevent the return of the disease, and Mr. Ellsworth remains to this day in the bloom of health. This gentleman's disease was the offspring of foul blood, and Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY purified the blood and restored to him the power once more to enjoy life. Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the same cause? Try Favorite Remedy. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a bottle. Bear in mind the proprietor's name and address: Dr. *David* KENNEDY, Rondout, N. Y.

TO KEEP THE BLOOD PURE is the principal end of inventions and discoveries in medicine. This object probably no one has contributed more signally than Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., in the production of a medicine which has become famous under the title of the "Favorite Remedy." It removes all *Impurities* of the blood, regulates the disordered Liver and Kidneys, cures Constipation, Dyspepsia and all diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females.

17-36-1y

Read this Carefully.

The following letter from a well-known Western lady explains itself and is worthy of careful reading:

"I wish to say to the sick and those that are feeble and weak from any cause whatever, that in all the vocabulary of medicines they will find the most virtue and the greatest benefit from Parker's Tonic. I have been an invalid for five or six years past, and given up to die by the most skillful physicians of Kansas and Colorado, but Parker's Tonic has kept me alive, and raised me up after everything else failed. I have organic heart disease combined with great nervous debility, and have cold sinking spells with no pulse, and the only medicine that will bring on a reaction is Parker's Tonic. I have never known it to fail in curing a cold if taken in time, and it will relieve pain quicker than any remedy that I have tried. I send you this because I would like for others to know how much good it has done me. It is just as good for children. Try it and be convinced."—MRS D. SCHULTZ, Louisville, Kansas. P. O. Box 92.

PARKER'S TONIC

[Prepared by Hiscox & Co., N. Y.]

Sold by all druggists in large bottles at One Dollar.

17 49 1m

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(Successor to Harry Teats & Co.)

GROCER,

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BELLEFONTE, PA.

17

AT LEMONT.

A Hardware and Novelty Store.

Keeps constantly on hand a fine stock of Hardware, Paints, Oils, Glass, Bolts, Screws, Nails, Tinware, Oilcloth, Coal Oil, Lamps, Sausage Grinders and Stuffers, Farming Utensils and other kinds of Hardware. Also just received a large stock of

HOLIDAY GOODS,

for presents, to delight father, mother, brother and sister. Toys for children, valuable novelties for persons of all ages. We can please you in price and quality. Call and see us. Prices as low as the lowest, TERMS CASH.

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17 4 2m

DEAFNESS its CAUSES and CURE, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists of the day with no benefit. Cured *himself* in three months, and since then hundreds of others by same process. A plain, simple and successful home treatment. Address T. S. PAGE, 124 East 26th St., New York City. 17 49 4t

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HEALTH AND VIGOR FOR THE BRAIN AND NERVOUS SYSTEM

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOS-PHITES

Composed of the Nerve giving Principles of the Ox Brain and the Embryo of the Wheat and Oat.

This is a standard preparation with all physicians who treat mental or nervous disorders. The formula is on every label. Its chemical composition is superintended by a professor of Chemistry.

As it is identical in its composition with brain matter, it is rapidly absorbed, and quickly relieves the depression from intellectual efforts, fatigue, loss of memory, or mental irritability.

Sleeplessness, irritation, nervous exhaustion, inability to work or study is but a brain-hunger—in urgent cases, brain starvation. This brain nutriment quickly feeds the hungry nerves and restores brain power. It is a cure for nervous disorders and debility in old or young.

BRAIN WORKERS NEED BRAIN FOOD.

Crosby's Vitalized Phos-phites should be taken as a Special Brain Food.

To build up worn out nerves, to banish sleeplessness, neuralgia and sick headache. I have not had a severe headache since I began its use, it was my great trouble before.—*Dr. Guyon.*

To promote good digestion.—*Dr Wilmore.*

To "stamp out consumption."—*Dr. Churchill.*

To "completely cure night sweats."—*John B Quigley.*

To maintain the capabilities of the nerves to perform all functions even at the highest tension.—*Ed. Treasure Trove.*

To restore the energy lost by nervousness, debility, over exertion or enervated vital powers.—*Dr. W. S. Wells.*

To repair the nerves that have been enfeebled by worry, depression, anxiety or deep grief.—*Miss Mary Rankin.*

To strengthen the intellect so that study and deep mental application may be a pleasure and not a trial.—*B. M Couch.*

To save good teeth, glossy hair, clear skin, handsome nails in the young, so that they may be an inheritance in later years.—*Ed. School Journal.*

To enlarge the capabilities for enjoyment.—*National Journal of Education.*

To "make life a pleasure," "not a daily suffering." "I really urge you to put it to the test."—*Miss Emily Faithful.*

To amplify bodily and mental power to the present generation and "prove the survival of the fittest" to the next.—*Bismarck.*

To restore lost powers and abilities.—*Dr. Bull.*

There is no other Vital Phosphite, none that is extracted from living animal and vegetable tissues.

F. CROSBY CO.,

56 West 25th St., New York.

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Bellefonte Republican,

EDWARD T TOTEN - Editor

Terms, $2.00 per annum in Advance

Local Department.

—The institute is certainly a feast of fat things.

—Mr. George Fasig is clerking in Lyon & Co's store.

—We regret to learn that Mr Gottlieb Haag is quite ill with typhoid fever.

—Read the editorial, in another column, about the teachers' institute.

—D. F. Fortney, Esq., listened to the institute proceedings on Tuesday afternoon.

—There was a leak on Monday in the water pipe near the Dale Brothers' law office.

—Telephoners can now talk to Port Matilda, and Matilda Jane will reply very sweetly.

—The Presbyterian Sunday-school will enjoy their annual holiday festival next Friday evening.

—The time for the lecture on Hygiene by C. W. Scott, of Williamsport, has not yet been announced.

—Have we a bride among us? One of the lady school teachers is personating that role to perfection.

—Barney Johnson, who died on Monday morning, was buried on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.

—It is said that Mr. Francis Speer will have a communication in the next issue of the *Democratic Watchman*.

—Miss Mary Maurer, of Lock Haven, is visiting her aunt, Miss Carrie Krouse, at the home of Rev. Crittenden on Linn street.

—C. W. Scott, whom it is exceedingly natural to describe as "the indefatigable book agent of Williamsport," is attending Institute.

—A little child of Mr. Thomas Gramley, of Oak Hall, died on Sunday. The little one was buried at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon.

—Prof. E. L. Kemp's talks on Natural History will long be remembered as among the most pleasing and enjoyable features of the Institute.

—The Misses Waddle, two very talented young ladies from Lock Haven, arrived in Bellefonte on Saturday evening, and will visit the institute here this week.

—Barney Johnson, an inmate of the poor house, in this place, and an old citizen of this borough, died at 7 o'clock Monday morning. He is well known and was esteemed as a citizen.

—A five-months old child of John Parks, of Renovo, died last week, and was buried in this place on Saturday. Mr. Parks, the child's father, was at one time a citizen of this place.

—Ceadar's bakery has received an order for 50 loaves of bread to be distributed among the poor people of the town. Judge John Irwin was the generous gentleman who gave the order.

—That reception to young men in Y. M. C. A. hall will occur on New Year's night, January 1. All young men, not only invited, but urged to be present.

—We were pained to learn of the death of Thomas Miles, of Milesburg, which occurred at about nine o'clock Tuesday morning. He was a young man about 23 years of age, the son of Mr. W. B. Miles. His death is said to have been caused by typhoid fever.

—Great excitement at Ceader's bakery on Saturday evening because of the drawing of that handsome cake. Those who came so near to it and were yet so far from it felt very mournful, while No. 198, the lucky one, will be very proud. But who has 198? The owner of it failed to put in appearance Saturday evening.

—A large audience heard the lecture delivered by Sergeant Holtzworth on Saturday evening, and witnessed the beautiful views, many of which were different from those on Friday evening. Among the audience were 120 persons who came from a distance over the Lemont railroad. All enjoyed the entertainment.

—Mr. George White, night clerk at he Bush House was married on the evening of December 24th, to Miss Mary Ellen Toot, eldest daughter of Thomas Toot of Potters Mills Pa. The ceremony was performed at the home of the brides parents by W. J. Thompson J. P. The "News" offers its best wishes and congratulations.

—Mrs. William Meek, who resides near Pennsylvania Furnace, died suddenly on Christmas night while attending a Christmas entertainment at Pine Grove Mills. The lady was holding a lamp in her hand for the benefit of some little girls, who were taking part in the entertainment. She fell to the floor suddenly, with the lamp in her hand.

—Sergeant Holtzworth, of Gettysburg, and Col. Long and Col. Bartrim, of Philadelphia, departed on Monday. Col. Long was a member of the Philadelphia "Lambs," who attended the great encampment here a couple of years ago. Both he and Col. Bartrim assisted Mr. Holtzworth in his recent lecture and views of the battle of Gettysburg.

TEACHING THE TEACHERS.

The Instructors of Centre County Meet in the Court House.

The teachers of Centre county met in annual institute session, Monday afternoon, in Bellefonte's noble and historic Court House. In the fresh, bright court room, made comfortably warm by steam heat, the picture presented by the assemblage of these ladies and gentlemen was a very pleasant and agreeable one. Besides, they fully appreciated the high honor of being permitted to meet in the Court House, from which the noblest causes and highest assemblies of this county are excluded. Since the fiat has gone forth from a majority of the county commissioners that education is a cause in which all the county is interested and that temperance has an interest only for Bellefonte, the teachers are much exalted in contemplating the position they occupy in the estimation of the public. How grand to be admitted to where only august courts and star-spangled-banner political assemblies are allowed to hold forth. But, hold! wherein does a teachers' institute differ from the regulation court? Think you these bright eyed maidens and gallant gents don't know how to court? Then you never experienced the peculiar sensation which a lady teacher's

Full-orbed glance, and mashing smile
Which can the hardest heart beguile;
To resist these charms is not worth the while
Even of the editor.

WHEN THEY ARRIVED.

Some of the teachers came early in the morning in private conveyances. When the morning train arrived over the new road from Centre Hall it unburdened itself of fifty or more of them. Each succeeding train was filled with the same kind of valuable human freight.

Rev. Prof. D. M. Wolf came early and registered at the New Brockerhoff House. He began business at once, and although our reporter tried to catch him he failed. The handsome school teachers, both male and female, spent the morning in surveying Bellefonte and her attractions.

When the institute assembled on Monday afternoon, at 1:30 o'clock, the Bellefonte teachers took their accustomed seats in the jury box, not far from the piano. The number of teachers present about half filled the court house.

Rev. Prof. D. M. Wolf called the institute to order and Rev. J. A. Woodcock conducted the devotional exercise, taking the first responsive reading in *The Pennsylvania School Journal*, a copy of which was in the hands of each teacher.

Previous to this, however, the institute sang, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," with Miss Annie Bible at the piano.

Mr. Morrison called the role and eighty-two teachers answered to their names, after which two stanzas of "Beulah Land" were sang.

The Superintendent delivered an address to the teachers, saying that he was gratified to see so many teachers present at a time when the same incentive was not held out to them. Leading lawyers in our town say that as the law now is the teachers must be paid. The decision of Dr. E. E. Higbee is that the directors *may pay*. Let us hope that they may be prevailed upon to do so The superintendent's address included a request that the neat and elegant court room be kept with care--that no pieces of paper be thrown on the floor, or other littir scattered around. During the Superintendent's address an organ was brought in and when the selection, "Touch not the Cup," was rendered that instrument was used.

A LESSON ON ORNITHOLOGY.

The only instructor present at the first session was Professor E. L. Kemp, of the Kutztown State Normal School, and he was introduced by the Superintendent. The gentlemen said that a revolution in the methods of education is taking place. There was much humbug in it and his purpose was only to take from it what is useful. His remarks were on the topic of "Ornithology," and for illustration he produced a number of artificial birds of graceful and lovely plumage. The poetry of motion and all that is beautiful belong to the birds. In giving compliments we are accustomed to compare to birds those whom we desire to compliment. For instance, we say: "She has a swan-like neck," or "She warbles like a nightingale." There is much relating to the ability of the birds to sail through the air so easily that he (the Professor) does not understand. You never saw a bird that was not beautiful, and all, except carrion birds, are clean. How does the bird keep its plumage so clean? It has two oil glands, most largely developed on the duck.

There is a projection on the breast of every bird of flight, but on the ostrich there is none. The wing of the bird is the oar, the tail is the rudder. You would imagine that the larger the bird the longer the tail. Such is not the case. Here the Professor showed his largest bird (a heron), which has very little tail. This bird guides himself with his long legs. In showing specimens of the scarlet tanager and other birds he showed that in almost every instance the male is larger and handsomer than the female. In the case of birds of prey the case is reversed. There is petticoat government in the owl family. The partridge is the same color as the dead leaves, so that it cannot be seen by the hunter. Birds in northern latitudes change their color three times in the year to correspond with the changes of nature. They look especially beautiful at times. Birds sing during the breeding season, when the woods are alive with liquid melody, and at other times are mute.

When the Professor was asked if the English sparrow should go, he answered that he believes it should, but fears it will remain. The bill of the sparrow is different from that of other birds, being thicker and stronger, but not so long. The sparrow is very pugnacious and destroys useful species of birds.

When the Professor ended his very instructive and entertaining remarks the institute sang "Cherish Kindly Feelings."

AN ADDRESS BY A VISITOR.

Rev. Mr. Whitney, of Stormstown, was invited to speak. Correct modes of thought and habits of life are necessary for the teacher. If he were to choose between two teachers for his children, he would select the one that does not use liquor or tobacco. There are other habits that are not only questionable, but absolutely wrong. A man may be more useful if he acquires more knowledge. He was defeated for school director once because it leaked out that he was in favor of increasing the salaries of the teachers.

Professor Wolf asked the teachers to decide on the time for holding examinations. They might, he suggested, be held during April and May, instead of August and September. The afternoon session adjourned with music.

THE EASTERN QUESTION DISCUSSED.

Dr. Atherton, the President of State College, on Monday evening, discussed the "Eastern Question." The war between Servia and Bulgaria was what drew his attention to the subject at this time, although that event alone or the mere loss of a few thousand people more or less in battle would not of itself attract much attention to the question. The forces of history which lie behind this incident and have their roots in the primitive origin of peoples are what renders this event important.

In his remarks he said that the science of history prove the truth of the Biblical narrative that the origin of peoples was in Asia. Even in the progress of those early races the course of empire has taken its way westward.

The territory in which these two small states are located has been trodden over by a multitude of different peoples, but it yet maintains its original characteristics. It is an important strategic point including as it does the Balkan mountains, and the power that holds it has the key to Constantinople. What is known as the balance of power in Europe would be disturbed by undue encroachments of any one nation upon this territory. Russia was once thwarted by England in her progress here, and her revenge is to harass England's interests in the East. This caused the recent threatened trouble between Russia and England in Afghanistan. England exerts a beneficient reign over India, and although Russia perhaps has no immediate designs upon that country, every English conquest in the West will be followed by Russian advances in the East.

The Eastern Question cannot be considered settled until settled right. This will be by the triumph of a people having proper ideas of government and religion. Turkey will be forced back from her European possessions and a Christian power will eventually gain this land The entire history of the world shows that the right principles eventually prevail. This does not seem so to us when we see the temporary triumph of evil But it is like the eddies and currents of a river, which sometimes seem to be flowing back, when it is really making its way to the sea.

Ex-Gov. Curtin was one of the auditors. The speaker was applauded when he closed his remarks.

HISTORY AND OTHER TOPICS.

On Tuesday morning the weather outside was much like that of the day before—clouds flitting across the sky. They probably were not the same clouds, but we failed to notice any difference in them. The same delightful comfort prevailed inside. Mr. Galbraith has a thermometer and always keeps the mercury in the same place. When the first hymn was announced the Institute lifted up their voices in the melody of "Joy in Sorrow"—on the 10th page.

Rev. W. R. Whitney conducted religious exercises with the use of about two-thirds of responsive exercise No. 2, and concluded his petition to the throne of grace with the Lord's Prayer, in which he was joined by Institute. Mr. Cephas Gramley, the secretary, read the minutes of Monday's sessions and Chorister C. E. Shaffer lead the choir in singing about the "land of corn and wine," known as Beulah Land."

Prof. Murphy, of the State Normal School, Lock Haven, was introduced by the Superintendent. He began an address on the topic of "History," which he says is not, as often regarded, a dreary accumulation of facts. The thirst for reading evinced by the young is not usually for History; but for such novels as those written by Rev. E. P. Roe, or for such fanciful works as Jesse James. But if those books happen to be out of the library—as they often are—one is compelled perhaps to choose a work on History. History is as interesting as any romance ever written—our own country for example. Its development and growth are regarded with wonder by the world.

In regard to the subject to be considered in giving instruction in History, the Prof. wrote on the blackboard (in a very legible hand) I, Teacher's Knowledge of the Subject. As a cause of the failure of teachers in teaching history he named, 1st, The Reading Method; 2d, Imitation. Under the second head he urged the teachers to be natural. When Beecher was in the possession of his fullest powers, hundreds of Beechers sprang up in all parts of the country, and only proved themselves to be failures. The third failure to reach the result aimed at in teaching History is that too little time is given to it. The fourth reason for failure is that too many dates are required.

Seldom try to find out what a child dont know, but what it does know, and see whether it is an intelligent fact or a dry bone. There are about 200 dates in American History. The Prof. usually teaches 25 of them, but believes that 12 would be sufficient. In teaching History, teach only Pivotal Dates.

The fifth and last cause of failure spoken of was "Verbatim Memorizing". This method of giving instruction is the principal one to be condemned. The Prof. was asked to name the 12 dates he considers important, and put on the board the following, 1492, 1565, 1620, 1643 1755, 1775, 1776, 1781, 1787, 1815, 1846, 1865 Several other questions followed.

The Institute again sang a general exhortation to "Cherish Kindly Feelings," and then Prof. Kemp resumed the subject of "Birds." He held in his hands a crow and a jay bird, which he said were first cousins. The crow is a great rascal and the jay bird a small one. Their names are the same in Latin.

He said the common brown thrush belongs to the highest order of the bird creation. He classified the birds as, 1st, Perchers—with three toes in front and one behind, and divided the Perchers into—1st, slender-beaked; 2d, cone-beaked. Nature always puts her most precious secrets where only those who seek diligently can find them, and some of the smallest and most lovely birds live only in the dense forests.

Birds not only have instinct, but also reasoning powers. He related instances to confirm the statement. Another variety of the Perchers he named as the "broad-beaked birds."

The diverse formations of the toes and bills engaged the attention of the Professor, very interestingly, and he gathered from this his fourth class of Perchers, viz., "Preying Birds."

The Professor designated his fifth division of Perchers as "Climbing Perchers."

The crow's bad habits give it its bad reputation and the jay bird has the make-up of a regular thief. These birds are very intelligent and take commendable care of their young. The parrot belongs to the Climbing Perchers.

The hind toe of the quail or partridge is only very slightly developed -a mere spur—to which class the chicken also belongs. These he classed as the Scratchers, or Scrapers. The long-legged heron he classes as a Wader. The coot, a bird found near Philadelphia, is of this class. The Waders have scallops on their toes to enable them to wade.

He exhibited a mallard duck—much more beautiful than the ordinary duck. It and birds like it are swimmers, or divers. He closed his interesting talk at 11:30 and after singing two selections, Institute adjourned.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON'S SESSION.

Prof. Murphy prefaced his remarks by promising to give several aids to the teaching of History. The first aid is to study this branch combined with Geography. To associate the facts of History with the peculiarities of the local Geography of the country will help to impress them upon the memory. To illustrate the peculiar use of thus associating the physical features of the country with its History be instanced the Chesapeake bay and Lake Champlain.

Aid No. 2 is Map Drawing. Prof. Murphy, to illustrate, roughly sketched on the board the Mississippi river and its tributary, the Ohio, and also two tributaries of the latter river. At Cairo, the intersection of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, was Grant's headquarters. Then indicating the relative positions of the Confederate forces he showed how Grant was compelled to consult the typography of the country in his efforts to pierce those forces.

The third aid in teaching he stated to be newspapers, which give us the history of to-day, of which many teachers are woefully deficient.

The use of a Key-word he spoke of as the most important aid. He took for example the word "Liberty" and made of it the following: Lexington, 1775; Independence-Declaration of 1776; Burgoyne's Surrender, 1777; Evacuated Philadelphia, 1778; Recapture of two important forts, 1779; Treason of Arnold, 1780; Yorktown, 1781. It will be noticed that the names of these successive events in their order begin with the corresponding one in the word "Liberty."

Prof. Kemp, on the subject of the Perceptive Faculties, gave a very instructive talk, containing much that is new.

Mrs. Hunt, of Boston, being present was introduced. She is a very stately fine-looking lady and well calculated to impress an audience. After a few remarks on the subject of temperance, she gracefully gave way to Rev. Chas. T. Steck, who delivered his wonderfully brilliant lecture on "The Hero, Recognized and Unrecognized" This lecture is truly magnificent, and it is useless to attempt to give anything like a synopsis of it. It excelled in jewels of thought and eloquence and was delivered in the orator's best style.

In the evening Mrs. Hunt spoke to a large audience on "Temperance."

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

After a most enjoyable talk on "Spelling" by Prof. Houck, Prof. Murphy, on the subject of History, explained why some of the dates—notably 1620—given the previous day, are important. The date 1620 was the time of the landing of the Pilgrims. He said that

ORAL HISTORY

would be his topic this morning. In giving the primary lessons tell many stories, and be sure that they are true ones. 1st, By Biography; 2d, By Appellation, or nicknames. Henry Clay was the "Great Pacificator," and Jackson, "Old Hickory," etc. The third method is by "Characteristic Sayings," for instance, Perry's "We have met the enemy and they are our's." The 4th is by "Photographs," and the 5th by "Literature"—especially Poetry. Method number 6 of teaching history he adopts is by "Comparison," comparing man with man, battle with battle, etc. Another method—the 7th—may be by "Impersonation." Each of the members of the class may personate some eminent man and rehearse his great deeds as if that pupil were the one who performed them. The 8th and last method named by the Professor was by "Reviews."

Just why the choir, at this juncture, 11:10 o'clock a. m.—sang "Fading Still Fading," we do not know. The light of day was at that time growing stronger. But it was indeed appropriate for Prof. Kemp to resume his wonderfully instructive talks on "Natural History." The lives, habits and structure of these bright winged creatures are indeed remarkable. The wisdom displayed by their Creator in forming them for their proper use and to protect themselves was beautifully illustrated. The information the Professor gave regarding the wood-pecker was perhaps the most interesting. The bird is one of the best friends the farmer has and a great mistake is made by those who kill them so indiscriminately. He gave full directions in regard to the taxidermists art of stuffing and mounting the birds.

Personal Pencilings.

Mr. Frank Montgomery went to Philadelphia on Thursday.

Misses Lulu Harper and Jennie Shortlidge are at home from school.

Dr. Waldo C. VanValin, of Unionville, was in Bellefonte on Saturday.

Mr. Frank Lingle, of Philipsburg, tarried in Bellefonte on Christmas.

Major H. H. Benner is absent on a business trip to Clearfield county.

S. Durbin Gray, Esq., and his bride have returned from their wedding tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lingle were visiting friends in Bloomsburg last week.

Mr. John Kenyon, of Philipsburg, visited his friends in this place on Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Kitzmiller visited in Williamsport last week, returning Monday morning.

Mr. E. T. Tuten and his son, Earle C Tuten, started on Monday for a brief visit in Pittsburg.

Mr. Olie Meek came home from Washington, D. C., on Christmas morning and expects to remain a week.

Mrs. McKean, of Akron, Ohio, is a guest in the family of her brother, Col. D. H. Hastings on Linn St.

Mr. Lee Woodcock of Altoona, is in town, and will spend Christmas with his brother, J. A. Woodcock, of Linn St.

Mr. George Brew was in town on Sunday. It is not very often that he favors Bellefonte with his presence.

Mr. Samuel Tibbens, an old gentleman residing above Boiling Spring, is very ill. We hope to hear of his speedy recovery.

Mr. B. C. Lyon, of Linn street, who went to Philadelphia for medical treatment, has returned home much benefited.

Greenback State Chairman, T. P. Rynder, of Milesburg, breathed Bellefonte air for a few minutes on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. W. C. Sanderson and Miss Sanderson, of Mill Hall, are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Potter, on Linn street.

Mr. H. D. Lee, a substantial citizen of Fillmore, called on Thursday. He is a carpenter by trade and a very pleasant gentleman.

Col. D. S. Keller is one of the vice presidents at large of the Pennsylvania Constitutional Temperance Amendment Association.

Miss Ella J. O'Leary, who resides in the South ward, this place, departed on Christmas day to visit her sister, Mrs. Allen, in York, Pa. Miss O'Leary is a beautiful and accomplished young lady and her numerous admirers here will regret to learn that she expects to remain several months. She is also a very agreeable young lady and we hope she will enjoy her visit. Her cousin, Mr. Dan O'Leary, accompanied her, expecting to return soon.

Personal Pencilings.

Newlin Harkness, of Altoona, is visiting in Bellefonte.

Miss Rachie A. Wright, of Loveville, came to town on the 9:32 a. m. train on Tuesday.

Miss Shaffer, of Nittany Hall, was among the fair ladies in the Court House on Monday.

Miss Ida Bartruff, of Duncannon, Pa., is a guest at the home of her brother, Mr. John Bartruff on Water St.

Cephas Gramley, of Rebersburg, put in appearance among the school teachers. He is an able member of the profession.

Mr. R. A. Kinsloe will go to Osceola to-day on the 5:20 train. He will probably take editorial charge of the Osceola *Reveille*.

Mr. G. W. Lyon, of Pennsylvania Furnace, spent Monday with S. S. Lyon, Esq., at the latter's comfortable residence on Curtin street.

Mrs. Rebecca Waite, of Chicago, is a guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Sayre. Mrs. Waite was formerly a resident of Bellefonte.

Ex-Sheriff J. J. Lingle is now in Germany. He sailed on the 5th of this month on the steamer Norland and landed on the 17th inst.

Miss M. E. Chase, of Buffalo, New York, arrived on Christmas morning, by way of Lock Haven, to visit at the home of her father, Mr. George Chase.

Mr. S. C. Stover, a young gentleman who is at present attending Franklin and Marshall Seminary at Lancaster, returned on Friday to spend the holidays at his home near Spring Mills.

Mr. Ed. Humes, Mr. and Mrs. Irv. Humes, and Mr. William Humes, Sr., were all in Bellefonte on Christmas, and the day was celebrated pleasantly at the comfortable farmhouse near town.

Among the many who promenaded the rather damp and unpleasant streets of Bellefonte on Wednesday, December 23, was Mr. S. Ellenbarger, of Stormstown. He was looking at Bellefonte's Christmas attractions.

Mr. Morris, proprietor of the lime kilns near town, gave each one of his eighteen employes a present of a turkey for Christmas. He is the first generous employer of whom we have heard in this section this year.

Mr W. F. Beck, accompanied by Messrs H. E. Beck and C. L. Roop, arrived in Bellefonte this morning. They came to attend the Teacher's Institute, and will remain during the week, taking in the pleasures of the town.

Mr. Hicks, who formly lived near Valentines' ironworks and was an employe of that institution, has been farming during the past year or two. He is at present visiting at the home of his son, Mr. Morris Hicks, in that vicinity.

Mr. W. W. Hayes, of Washington, D. C., spent Christmas day at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. W Gephart. His presence gave added pleasure to the day as he don't often have time to visit relatives here at this time in the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Canfield, of Williamsport, are guests at the home of Mrs. C's parents, Judge and Mrs. Orvis. Miss Carrie Orvis, daughter of Judge Orvis, after quite an extended visit with friends at a distance, is also at home again.

Mr. John S. Holmes, of Jacksonville, looked in at the operations in the Republican office on Wednesday evening, the 23d. We have heard Mr. Holmes' name mentioned in connection with the candidacy for county commissioner.

—Manufacture the iron ore before it is shipped away from this community. To do so would certainly add greatly to the economy of freight. As materials are changed from the raw state into articles of usefulness their value increases enormously. Of no material is this statement more true than of iron ore. It is of the utmost folly to ship the ore away for manufacture and then to purchase the manufactured iron. But this folly is being perpetrated every day by men who have the means to prevent it.

—Don't approach too near the horses. An old gentleman named Reed stood near a horse belonging to Mr. William Whitmer, near the First National bank, on Saturday, when the vicious animal reached for him with one of his hind feet. The injury inflicted by the horse's hoof was painful, though not at all serious.

—James H. Rankin, Esq., was appointed by the Court at the November term, auditor of the accounts between the Prothonotary, &c., and Register and Clerk of Orphans' Court and Recorder from Jan. 1, 1885, to Jan. 1, 1886. No one could have been appointed who will perform these duties more skillfully than Mr. Rankin.

—Miss Bird, of Lock Haven, after a pleasant visit among friends at Boiling Spring, departed for her home on Saturday morning.

MARRIED.

BORTWRIGHT—STINE.—On December 24, '85, at the M. E. parsonage at Stormstown, Pa., by Rev. I. B. Whitney, Mr George Botwright, Jr., of Tyrone, Pa., to Miss Annie B. Stine of Buffalo Run, Centre county.

WATSON—McLAUGHLIN.—at Snow Shoe, Dec. 24th, by Rev. M. L. Jackson, Mr. Harry F. Watson and Miss Annie McLaughlin, both of Snow Shoe.

HOPKINS—ASKEY.—In Milesburg, on September 6, 1885, by Rev. G. B. Agne, Mr. Blair Hopkins and Miss M Blanch Askey, both of Howard, Centre county, Pa.